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### John Forster: A Sketch.

By W. Lockey Harle.

**J**HE sketch which is here reprinted was contributed to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* by the late Mr. Alderman Harle on the occasion of John Forster's death in 1876. William Lockey Harle was born in the city of York, although his parents really belonged to Stockton. He received his education in the latter town, where his father held an important position in the Excise. His scholastic education finished, young Harle was sent to Newcastle. There, under the eminent solicitor, Mr. John Adamson, he served his articles, and was admitted to practice as an attorney in 1833. There were at that time many grievances to redress and many abuses to rectify, and the able and eloquent young solicitor with both tongue and pen advocated Parliamentary reform, municipal reform, the abolition of the Corn Laws, &c., with a zeal and energy which soon made him famous. He was an admirable speaker, clear and forcible, and with a most pleasing delivery. In November, 1841, he was first elected to the Town Council for St. Nicholas' Ward. He kept his position until 1853, when he was defeated; and it was not until May, 1857, that he regained a seat for his old ward. In the November following he was superseded by the late Mr. John Harrison; but in the following year he contested All Saints' East Ward, which was perhaps the most memorable and exciting municipal election that ever occurred in Newcastle. Great numbers of personal attacks were proved against his opponent (Mr. David Burn), and the result was that Mr. Harle gained the seat. He was elected Sheriff in 1864, and alderman in 1868. Few more energetic and hard-working

members than Mr. Harle have ever occupied a place in the Council Chamber. Socially, he was a most pleasant and agreeable companion, while his literary attainments, as his sketch of John Forster shows, were of no mean order. Mr. Harle pub-



Wm. Lockey Harle.

lished, in 1854, a volume entitled "A Career in the Commons," being a series of letters to a young member of Parliament on "the conduct and principles necessary to constitute him an enlightened and efficient representative." Moreover, he was a frequent contributor to the

local literature of his day. Mr. Harle, who had deeply endeared himself to a wide circle of friends, died at his residence, Victoria Square, Newcastle, on the 18th of January, 1868, at the age of sixty-seven years.

#### MR. HARLE'S PAPER.

Biographer, historian, essayist, critic, journalist, John Forster accomplished, in some respects, more than any other man of his time. He died in London, on February 1, 1876, labouring for fame at the age of 65 as earnestly as he had laboured in Green Court, Newcastle, at 16. Knowing him, as I did, personally, and familiar as I am with the salient points of his surprising career, it is worth while for the sake of every earnest and ambitious student to throw light on the mode by which an obscure Newcastle boy became the friend, guide, and adviser of the most brilliant men of his time—of poets, historians, novelists, orators, statesmen, artists, and actors.

John Forster owed everything as regards formation of character to the town of Newcastle. He was trained in classics at the Grammar School by the Rev. Edward Moises, and in mathematics by a very able teacher—Mr. Henry Atkinson. No aspiring youth could anywhere obtain more accomplished tutors. Mr. Moises was very proud of Forster. I remember in the summer of 1826, as a small boy, visiting Mr. Moises at his house in Jesmond Bank. His whole conversation turned that summer night, as he sat in his garden, on the merits of the youth Forster, and the witty speeches of Mr. Wentworth Beaumont during the long election at Alnwick.

John Forster's father was a butcher, and his uncle John Forster, usually termed "Gentleman John," was also a butcher. The uncle was a bachelor. I remember him, a tall, florid man, with a stick, and quick, fussy step; easy, natural, pleasant manners, and of course possessed of great reliance on the future eminence of his sparkling nephew, John. The uncle spared no expense in procuring the best tuition for his favourite. The boy John had a brother, Christopher, a merchant, and two sisters, Jane and Elizabeth. They were all Unitarians, and members of Mr. Turner's congregation in Hanover Square. All John Forster's relatives are dead. I knew Christopher and the two sisters. John, in after life, assisted them; but they were all very much afraid of him, and spoke of him as a "star that dwelt apart."

Newcastle, between 1825 and 1830, had considerable mental activity among her young men. The new library in Westgate Street (the Lit. and Phil.) had been recently opened. It was the fashion for young men to read and cultivate literature and the arts. Politics had no attraction. Newcastle entertained no relish for town elections. The Freemen were satisfied with a Ridley and an Ellison to represent them; and it was difficult to decide whether the politics of the

place were "blue, black, white, or brown." There was a good theatre. Richardson, Parker, Carmichael, Good, Balmer, and Bewick formed an artistic body of no mean order; and Thomas Doubleday was writing dramas and elegant essays in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was not known then as a politician, and he cultivated general literature with considerable success. The newspapers were dull, and cost sevenpence each. The *Courant* advertised for everybody, but gave opinions upon nothing. The *Chronicle* was grave and decorous. The *Tyne Mercury* had political leaders, local articles, and general criticism; but all were heavy and dull, and nobody read them. The Editor of the *Mercury*, Mr. W. A. Mitchell, was a Grand Vizier at the Blue Bell, at the head of the Side, every evening, and smoked and discussed the topics of the day with great solemnity. A shilling magazine was also published monthly by Mr. Mitchell, and into this humble repository much of the juvenile literature of the town found its way.

Before the Forsters removed to Green Court, they resided opposite to the old Dispensary in High Friar Street. The late Mr. Francis Bennett, the eminent surgeon in Gateshead, served his apprenticeship under Mr. Wilkie at this Dispensary, and as a youth became acquainted with his opposite neighbour, John Forster. It was at Mr. Bennett's house in Gateshead that I subsequently became acquainted with Forster. Mr. George Burnett, of Gallowgate, one of the founders of the eminent manufacturing firm of Hugh Lee Pattinson and Company at the Felling, was also an early friend of Forster, and a warm admirer of his vigour and talent.

Newcastle, as I have described it, saw Forster a boy at the Grammar School in the Spital; and I fancy he must have been about 17 or 18 when I first heard of him as an aspirant for literary distinction. I was passing under the portico of the old Theatre in Mosley Street, when I noticed on the poster, in the usual black wooden frame hanging on the wall, an intimation that a new drama in two acts, entitled "Charles at Tunbridge, or the Cavalier of Wildinghurst," written by a gentleman of Newcastle, would be acted that evening. My curiosity was excited, and I found on inquiry that the "gentleman of Newcastle" who wrote the play was young John Forster—the favourite of Mr. Moises at the Grammar School—an intense student of Byron and Scott—an enthusiastic antiquary and collector of ballad poetry, and always seen with a book under his arm. I cannot say whether the play was successful. I did not see it, but I remember the title as well as if I had noticed it on the poster last Monday. I knew also the leading theatrical critic of that day. He was an assistant to Mr. Leadbitter, a chemist, in what was then termed Middle Street. His criticisms were clever and sparkling, and were published in the *Durham Chronicle*, then edited by

poor Veitch. This dramatic critic and hero of the pestle had a great admiration for Forster, and assisted in nurturing that taste for the drama which characterised Forster through life.

The uncle—"Gentleman John"—was advised to send his promising nephew to Cambridge; and to Cambridge young Forster accordingly went. A University education was an important matter in those days. Newcastle butchers were not the people to waste their money over Oxford and Cambridge. An exception was made, however, in favour of Forster; and it was anticipated that, after the careful training of Mr. Moises and Mr. Atkinson, he would acquire additional laurels on the Cam. Such was not the case. He was a very short time at Cambridge. Whether his uncle's finances were unequal to the demand made upon them, or the people at the University were unsuited to Forster, or he unsuited to them, I do not know; but he soon withdrew from Cambridge, and went to London, and there he commenced that career which became so remarkably successful.

Brougham and Campbell (the poet) had succeeded in establishing a university in Gower Street, more on Scotch principles than on those of Oxford and Cambridge; and soon after 1828 many young men crowded to this London University, especially to the law class, of which Mr. Amos was the first professor. In November, 1828, Forster wrote "Remarks on Two of the Annuals," and sent them to Mr. Mitchell for publication in the *Newcastle Magazine*. They are dated from London, and appeared in January, 1829. In his notice to "Readers and Correspondents" for that month, Mr. Mitchell, the editor, alluding to Forster's contribution, says:—"Our London correspondent, who communicates the review of two of the annuals, hints something about carelessness in his composition, in consequence of the short time occupied in preparing the article. We do not think our readers will agree with him. They would rather attribute the apology to his modesty than to any other cause." This, I should say, is one of the earliest—if not the earliest—appearances of Forster in print. The writing is not particularly good; and, as the work of a youth in his teens, the confident tone of the criticism, and the modes in which censure and praise are alike distributed, are really entertaining. Forster also studied in the chambers of Mr. Chitty, the eminent special pleader; but neither Mr. Chitty in private, nor Professor Amos in public at the London University, appears to have charmed John Forster with the aspect of legal study.

Chief Justice Whiteside, of the Irish Queen's Bench, was at the London University with John Forster. They were much alike in many respects. Both were devoted to literature—both were fond of acting—and both were frequent speakers in the University Debating Society. Whiteside, however, read more law than

Forster, and obtained a prize for a special examination on Coke's Reports. Forster was considered the better disclaimer of the two; and if he had continued the cultivation of public speaking he would have won additional lustre, both in Parliament and at the Bar. Whiteside returned to Ireland, and after a stormy career settled down as Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench. As an interesting historical fact, I may mention that Whiteside, in the December number of the *Newcastle Magazine*, 1829, published a sketch of Mr. Peter Burrows, of the Irish Bar; and Forster, doubtless, obtained this contribution from the future Lord Chief-Justice of Ireland for his friend, Wm. Andrew Mitchell, of the *Newcastle Magazine*.

It is clear that at this time Forster had decided on a literary course of life. He was young, bold, and energetic; and he determined to write a book and connect himself with the periodical press. Wherever young men are gathered together, there is a tendency to contribute to a magazine, especially if a publisher can be found to introduce the juvenile efforts to the world. The London University had its magazine, and to this Forster copiously contributed. Mr. Taylor, the University bookseller, published this little work; and it was as good as such crude and rash speculations usually are. It died very early; and at the end of 1832 Forster had ceased all connection with the University, and had become the theatrical and literary critic both of the *Examiner* and of the daily *True Sun*.

The latter, an evening paper, may be said to have been the offspring of the great Reform Bill, and of the intense political excitement around that great measure. It was a sevenpenny journal, overflowing with talent. In the drama and literature of the *True Sun* Forster reigned supreme. Mr. John Bell, a man of great force of character, told me some years after the *True Sun* had ceased to exist that Forster dealt with the theatres and books in a great measure as he pleased. Mr. Bell was the political economist of the paper, and wrote leaders. Mr. J. C. Symons was the editor, and both Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey and the Unitarian minister, Mr. W. J. Fox, were connected with this journal. Mr. Albany Fonblanque was editor of the *Examiner*. Political writing wholly occupied his attention, and Forster thus became possessor of the literary and dramatic authority of the great weekly *Examiner*, the reputation of which had been created by the brothers John and Leigh Hunt.

Certain men of genius—authors and actors—were then gradually rising into fame. Forster, with the *True Sun* in one hand and the *Examiner* in the other, was equal to the occasion. He became a "ruler in Israel," and held the power of aiding or retarding these men by the vigour of his criticism. Edmund Kean died utterly exhausted in 1833. Forster attended his funeral. Macready was ambitious of holding the sceptre that had been wielded by

Kean. Forster on all occasions, in the *True Sun* and *Examiner*, vigorously supported Macready. Bulwer, the author of "Pelham," "The Disowned," and "Eugene Aram," was rising into celebrity; and Forster gave him great encouragement in his literary progress. Bulwer was a member of Parliament with a high social position. He was the leader, too, of a powerful dramatic party opposed to the monopoly of the two great patent theatres—Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Young Forster, with the daily and weekly press at his command, became the centre of a little solar system, round which several unquestionable stars gladly revolved. Macready, Bulwer, Leigh Hunt, Sergeant Talfourd, Macilise, Sheridan Knowles, W. J. Fox, were all persons who recognized and acknowledged the influence of Forster. Charles Dickens at this time was in obscurity. He was reporting for the *Morning Chronicle*, and wrote occasionally those slight sketches which appeared in the monthly magazines and elsewhere over the signature of "Boz." I have personally at this time (1876) the means of knowing the influence of the young gentleman from Newcastle in the literary circles of London.

Mr. Charles Atkinson, a young man who had received an excellent education under the father of Dr. Bruce, commenced business in Newcastle as a tailor. He disliked the pursuit, and became literary in his tastes. He wrote in two volumes an historical novel, as was then the fashion, after Walter Scott. This work, "Derwentwater, a Tale of the Year 1715," found a London publisher, and Atkinson determined to devote himself to literature as a livelihood. He engaged a room at Kenton for the sake of solitude, and commenced the composition of another novel. This was published in three volumes under the title of "Otterburn," and was also, as its title indicated, of the historical class. He went to London in 1832, to follow the example of John Forster, and obtain an engagement on the periodical press. I was one of those who advised him to confer with Forster. He did so. Forster kindly seconded his aspirations, and gave him a letter of introduction to Leigh Hunt, with a view to an appointment on the *Times* as a Parliamentary reporter. Atkinson, poor fellow! had acquired shorthand, and was accustomed to tax his friends to read to him sermons and speeches in the exercise of his new art. I saw Leigh Hunt's letter to Atkinson. It spoke most kindly of Forster, and expressed the writer's sorrow that he saw his old friend so seldom. Armed with Leigh Hunt's introduction, Atkinson saw Mr. Barnes, the manager of the *Times*, and was at once placed on the Parliamentary reporting staff of the great morning journal. Atkinson went into the gallery of the House of Commons in the middle of O'Connell's great harangue at the opening of the reformed Parliament in 1835 on the "bloody, brutal, and unconstitutional" address to the king. Atkinson, it may be imagined, was in a

great fright. At that time the work of each reporter of a debate in the *Times* was marked the next morning. Atkinson's portion of O'Connell was either imperfect or incorrect. He never went into the gallery again. He reported minor matters, and became a very humble brother of the great literary guild. He wrote a drama on the Polish question, and urged me to compose two songs for his play, as he had not the rhyming faculty. But, alas! the play was never performed and my songs were never sung. An affection of the eyes overtook this industrious and worthy man. His literary schemes failed. Forster gave him employment in a subordinate capacity on the *Examiner*. After I left London, news came to the North that the author of "Otterburn" had been found lifeless in a field at Teddington. The boots of the deceased contained the name of a kind and considerate donor who had been at Mr. Bruce's school with Atkinson; and thus the identity of the dead was traced. Atkinson—a most worthy, blameless, and assiduous follower of literature of the same rank of life as Forster in Newcastle—unlike that remarkable young man, failed in the great arena of the London press. Such are the vicissitudes of literary exertion!

Dr. Dionysius Lardner—who had been a Lecturer on Natural Philosophy at the London University—planned a cyclopaedia in monthly volumes which should comprise science, history, biography, and treatises on the useful arts. It seemed to be an imitation of "Constable's Miscellany" and "Murray's Family Library." Walter Scott undertook to write a history of Scotland, and Thomas Moore a history of Ireland. John Forster, scarcely out of his teens, undertook the lives of eminent British statesmen connected with the Commonwealth. Godwin, D'Israeli the elder, and Lord Nugent had previously laboured in the quarry of Charles I., Cromwell, and the Commonwealth; but Forster's volumes were the most successful regarding the era in question, and certainly constituted the most popular portion of Lardner's scheme. Forster in after years enlarged the life of Sir John Eliot; but the Statesmen of the Commonwealth, as they appeared in Lardner, are still read, while Scott and Moore's respective histories are utterly forgotten.

At this period Forster had secured elegant chambers on the ground floor of 59, Lincoln's Inn Fields. These chambers were expensively furnished, and his collection of books was enormous. The "Lives of the Statesmen," the *Examiner*, and the *True Sun* had placed him on a pedestal of great importance in the eyes of literature and art in London. No critic assisted Macready more in realizing fame than John Forster. He not merely wrote up Macready, but ridiculed all other rivals near Macready's throne. Forest, the American tragedian, was mercilessly flayed by Forster in the *Examiner*. Forster's own

style of speaking in private became an imitation of the tones and inflections of Macready. I met Forster at dinner at the house of an old friend in Gateshead about this time. Forster had nothing of the pale and thoughtful aspect of the intense student. He was bluff, broad-shouldered, with large features, and bushy light



John Forster.

hair. His voice was strong and emphatic; his information copious and interesting upon almost every topic. A young lady entered the room, whom he had known in her girlhood. "Is this Mary?" said he, in the tone and style of Macready as Virginius, the Roman father; "why, you're a woman now!" in a mode that intensely amused the lady, and convulsed the host and myself. Most of the London actors were indeed afraid of Forster's authority as a critic. Mr. Ternan related to me a quotation from Shakspeare by poor Elton, the actor—drowned at the wreck of the Forfarshire—who had been rudely handled by Forster:

This butcher's cur is venom mouthed, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him.

One little romance occurred in the early days of John Forster. He was engaged, I believe, to L. E. L.—Letitia Elizabeth Landon—the contemporary of Mrs. Hemans, and the beautiful lady minstrel of the *Literary Gazette*. Miss Landon was very popular in her day; and her "Troubadour" and "Golden Violet" were read everywhere by the young and enthusiastic. The cause of the separation of L. E. L. and John Forster was never clearly ascertained. She married Mr. McLean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle—the well-known deadly settlement in Africa. She went there with her husband, and soon after her arrival was found on the floor of her apartment poisoned with prussic acid. She took prussic acid, it appeared, occasionally, as a medicine; but whether

finally she swallowed an overdose, or was wilfully poisoned by a black woman, is one of those tragic mysteries that will never in this world be fully unfolded.

Soon after Charles Dickens rose into fame as the humourist of his day, he became the fast friend of John Forster. That friendship continued through life. The practical, sound sense of Forster, and his experienced critical acumen, were of immense service to Dickens. We know from the "Life of Dickens," as written by Forster, how largely the novelist drew on the wisdom of the arch-critic of the *Examiner*. Forster advised on the construction of the stories, negotiated terms with publishers, and in fact in every point of importance Dickens appeared to rely on the judgment and experience of his friend.

In the midst of his growing reputation, John Forster invited me to spend a day with him in Lincoln's Inn Fields. We breakfasted together, and the rest of the morning was devoted to conversation and books. The extent of his reading and his knowledge of the literary men of his time utterly astonished me. He showed me a Shakspeare, presented to him by Coleridge the poet, with MS. marginal notes of the poet and philosopher. He showed me the proof sheets of the novel of "Crichton," which the author, Mr. Ainsworth, had sent to him, and there was a note, I remember, to the preface which expressed the author's pleasure and satisfaction that he was happily a contemporary of John Forster. I saw, too, the proof sheets of the "Duchess de la Valliere," by Bulwer, a gorgeous play, which Forster said had been re-written in a fortnight by the distinguished author to meet some structural objections which had been made by John Forster. While Forster and I were inspecting a grand full-length portrait of Macready as Macbeth by MacLise, Mr. Albany Fonblanque entered the room. I was introduced by John Forster; but the great political light of the *Examiner*—a tall, thin, delicate man—was obliged to leave us to keep another appointment.

John Forster was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in January, 1843. I offered him business as a barrister in my professional capacity. He declined all connection with law excepting the name of barrister. In a note couched in the most courteous and friendly terms, he expressed his thanks for my attention; but he added that it was not his intention to practise at the Bar, and he considered it wrong to deprive those gentlemen of fees who made the law their livelihood. Lord Chancellor Cranworth appointed Forster secretary to the Lunacy Commission at a salary of £800 per annum, and eventually he succeeded to a commissionership at the same Board with a salary of £1,500 per annum. These appointments were not laborious or exacting, and left Forster ample leisure, after he had retired from journalism, to cultivate his literary inclinations. He married Mrs. Colborne—the

widow of Mr. Henry Colborne, the well-known publisher—and it was understood that this lady was possessed of a considerable fortune. John Forster, in the latter years of his life, occupied the Palace Gate House, Kensington—a most agreeable place; and there, in the enjoyment of the society of the most accomplished men of his time, he was largely courted and admired.

There is little to add touching the intercourse of John Forster with his native town during the last twenty years of his life. As a Commissioner in Lunacy he came and went—he visited officially the asylums at Dunston Lodge, Coxlodge, and Morpeth; but nothing was known of him in Newcastle, and all his early friends appeared to have passed away. When Dickens and his party acted "Not so Bad as we Seem," as written by Bulwer for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, Forster did not accompany the troupe of amateur performers to Newcastle. He had played John Hardman in the piece in London and Manchester; but he did not appear in the large Assembly Room of Newcastle. Mrs. Dickens, I remember, called on Miss Forster in the Shieldfield; and this was all that occurred to connect John Forster with the visit to Newcastle by the brilliant literary party that lavished their histrionic talent for an object in principle so praiseworthy and so noble.

The career and the writings of Forster are woven for ever with the history of great names. Opinions may differ as to the quality of Forster's work; but his name must go down to posterity in association with Dickens, Walter Savage Landor, Goldsmith, and Bulwer Lytton. He made himself a part of their intellectual struggles. In the cases of Dickens and Landor, their biographies, as written by Forster, prove how much those great men relied on his guidance and opinions. In an artistic sense—as a specimen of finished literature—the "Life of Goldsmith" is, I think, Forster's finest effort. The prevailing excellence of his books is their fulness of detail. He always seemed to exhaust his topic, even at the expense of symmetry and due proportion. His style cannot be said to equal the facile clearness of Southey or Macaulay, or the rich flow of his friend J. A. Froude. He seems occasionally cumbrous in manner; but an earnest student in search of information respecting the period can nowhere find it so complete as in the Lives of Eliot, Cromwell, and Defoe. The "History of the Grand Remonstrance" is a masterpiece of historical research. To me, however, it seems John Forster was greatest as a periodical critic on literature and art between 1830 and 1850. The criticisms themselves may be forgotten; but the bad taste he ridiculed, and the genius in others he elevated, improved, and cherished, proved the power of his position and the value of his labour.

He sleeps now near his favourite sister Elizabeth in the vault at Kensal Green. Two of the greatest living historians, Carlyle and Froude, followed him to the grave. Lord Lytton, the son of his early friend Bulwer, formed

a part, also, of the melancholy train; but the most touching incident at the funeral was the presence of some of the children of Charles Dickens. John Forster had known them as children while they played round the knee of their illustrious father; and it was grateful, tender, and fitting that both boys and girls should witness the closing scene of that father's friend. My humble wreath is woven and placed with reverence on the tomb; and long after that wreath shall fade and be forgotten, Newcastle will remember among her most distinguished sons the biographer of Dickens, the friend of Bulwer, and the profound historian of the Commonwealth of England.

#### MR. GILMORE'S NOTE.

An interesting note in the handwriting of the late Mr. J. T. Gilmore, photographer, formerly well-known as a public man in Newcastle, may be seen in a copy of John Forster's "Life of Goldsmith," belonging to the library of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The writer was related to the Forster family. It may be added that the promise held out in the last sentence was never fulfilled. Mr. Gilmore's note runs as follows:—

The author of this book (Mr. Forster) was born in a little yellow coloured house, standing immediately behind the residence of John Clayton (Town Clerk), in Fenkle Street, which was pulled down by R. Grainger to make way for Clayton Street. Thence the family removed to Low Friar Street, an old-fashioned O. G. gabled house, upon the site of which there now stands a soap and candle factory. From this house they went to one in Green Court (now a public-house, which stands back to back with David Donkin's ironworks), and from it to a house still standing in the lane behind Pandon House, and the last of that block as you leave Buxton Street to go to Sallyport. Here his father, Robert Forster, butcher, died. His brother (Christopher Forster, of the firm of Slack and Forster, Quayside) died very suddenly here also; and the remainder of those at home—viz., his mother (a gem of a woman, although the daughter of a Gallowgate cow-keeper), his sister Jane (who was the first victim of cholera in 1853), and his uncle (commonly called Gentleman John, butcher)—removed to a little house in Shieldfield, where they all died, leaving the author in London, and his sister Elizabeth in service as a governess. The minute history of all their trials, troubles, and successes shall one day appear, but not yet.

G.

#### The Volunteer Movement in the North.



THE birthplace of the Volunteer movement—in the provinces at least—was North Shields.

The First Northumberland was embodied, as near as I can remember, twenty-seven years ago, when several hundreds of young men were enrolled. The late Mr. Edward Potter, of Cramlington, was the commanding officer, and under him served Colonel Pilter and others who are still officers of the Tynemouth Volunteers. Mr. W. J. Millen, who was well known in Newcastle thirty-five years ago as a recruiting officer, was the first drill instructor. The cottage in Percy Square,

Tynemouth, where he still resides, was the first armoury, and the ball-room of the old George Tavern, in King Street, was the first drill hall. I well remember my initial military instruction there. It was truly soldiering under difficulties, and a very different affair from the present Volunteer regime. The Government of the day gave little or no assistance, only supplying a very stinted number of cartridges per man. We were looked upon by many as a lot of enthusiasts, and were sneered at and shouted at through the streets as "noodles." It was some time before we were provided with rifles, and in the meantime we were drilled with old muskets, ship blunderbusses, fowling-pieces, or, indeed, anything in the shape of a gun that could be obtained. My own "arm" was a Cossack's carbine which my father got at the capture of Sebastopol, and which had once been a "flint and steel" firelock. We were expected to pay for our own drill, our clothes, and our practising ammunition. I purchased a pair of bullet moulds, and made my own cartridges. I was one of about a dozen who first fired at the butt at the rifle

range in Spittal Dene (north of Tynemouth Park). To make the range longer, part of the mound which formed the mill-dam of the corn-mills of the monks of Tynemouth was cut away. Some time after its formation, it was resolved to divide the corps into two—the rifles and the artillery. The latter was the favourite branch, and has continued strong and efficient to the present day, possessing a splendid drill-hall at the north end of the town. The "rifles" soon ceased to exist. The First Northumberland was present at the great review at Edinburgh, and, as the premier and oldest corps, its officers were the first presented to her Majesty. Some years ago it was proposed to merge it into a corps at Newcastle, of which it was to be a division, and which I believe is now known as the First Northumberland. But the original "First" indignantly refused, and would, I believe, have been dissolved had the arrangement been carried out. The War Office yielded to the pressure brought against it, and the corps is now known as the Tynemouth Volunteers.

J. G. MACDONALD, North Shields.

## Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

### Henry Atkinson,

MATHEMATICIAN AND ESSAYIST.

**M**R. ROBERT WHITE, in a paper from which the following sketch is chiefly taken, cites Woodburn in Redesdale as a place that, in the beginning of the century, was associated with the early life of more mathematicians than almost any other country village in the United Kingdom. Edward Riddle, who was headmaster successively of the Trinity House School in Newcastle, and the Mathematical School at Greenwich, and author of a well-known work on navigation; William Rutherford and Stephen Fenwick, of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich; Thomas Burn, John Riddle, Cuthbert and Henry Atkinson, all men of mark in "the science of number and quantity" (though Burn and John Riddle died young), were either natives of, or spent their youthful days in, that happy valley, immortalised by Scott in "Rokeby,"

Where Redé upon his margin sees  
Sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees.

About seven miles south-east of Woodburn is the village of Great Bavington, and there, on the 28th of June, 1781, Henry Atkinson was born. His father, Cuthbert Atkinson, was one of those famous Northumbrian schoolmasters—hard-headed, intellectual men—whose genius for

figures led them to victory through many a bewildering problem in the Diaries and other publications of their day. Henry was a precocious boy, and his progress in study was such that when he was thirteen his father considered him capable of teaching. He, therefore, opened a school at West Woodburn, and carried it on in conjunction with the establishment at Bavington, father and son taking charge alternately of both places. The arrangement continued for three years, and then, Bavington being abandoned, a new school was opened at West Belsay, the alternate superintendence remaining as before. In 1802, Henry and his sister Mary commenced a school at Stamfordham, which they carried on with varying success for six years. On the 13th November, 1808, resigning his country pupils to his father, Henry Atkinson settled in Newcastle.

The change was a fortunate one. Residence in Newcastle gave him access to books and to men; there was no teacher in the town distinguished by mathematical acquirements; a clear course was before him, and he made good use of his opportunities. Elected a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society in June, 1809, Mr. Atkinson gave early proof of his attainments by contributing to their proceedings in August following a paper entitled "A New Method of

Extracting the Roots of Equations of the Higher Orders." During the next year he prepared and read to his fellow-members an elaborate essay "On the Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites, and on the Mode of determining the Longitude by these Means." In 1811 he read two papers—1st, an ingenious proof of two curious properties of square numbers, and, 2nd, a demonstration that no sensible error can arise in the theory of Falling Bodies from assuming Gravity as an uniformly accelerating Force. During the five years following he contributed essays "On the Comet of 1811," "On Proportion," "On the Difference between the Followers of Newton and Leibnitz concerning the Measure of Forces," "On the Possibility, and, if possible, on the Consequences of the Lunar Origin of Meteoric Stones," and "On the Nature and Connexion of Cause and Effect." Diverging into metaphysics, he produced in 1818 an "Essay on Truth." In 1819 he explained "a new mode of investigating Equations which obtain among the Times, Distances, and Anomalies of Comets moving around the Sun as their Centre of Attraction in Parabolic Orbits"; and in 1820, turning his attention to Political Economy, he read "An Essay on the Effects produced on the Different Classes of Society by an Increase or Decrease in the Price of Corn."

His marriage with Isabella Riddle, sister of Edward Riddle, the mathematician (in December, 1822), and the increasing pressure of school duties and private tuition, absorbed most of his time for the next three years; but in 1824 he produced papers "On the Utility and Probable Accuracy of the Method of Determining the Sun's Parallax by Observations on the Planet Mars near his Opposition," and "On the True Principles of Calculating the Refractive Powers of the Atmosphere." His pen rested again for a while, and then (1826) he wrote a long paper "On Suspension Bridges, and on the Possibility of the Proposed Bridge between North and South Shields," and contributed to the newly-formed Mechanics' Institute of Newcastle, which he had helped to establish, a paper "On the Strength and Elasticity of Iron." During the spring of 1827, he delivered in the room of the Literary and Philosophical Society a course of nine lectures on Astronomy, which in the summer he condensed and read to the members of the Mechanics' Institute. The two papers produced in 1824 (on the Sun's Parallax, and on the Refractive Powers of the Atmosphere) he presented in an enlarged form to the Royal Astronomical Society, and they appear in the *Transactions of the Society*, vol. ii., pages 27 and 137.

Soon after his settlement in Newcastle, Mr. Atkinson began to contribute to the mathematical department of the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Diaries. From 1810 to 1823 he answered nearly all the questions proposed in the Ladies' Diary, and three times received prizes for his solutions. In 1819 he received the Gentlemen's Diary prize. Occasionally he contributed, also, to the mathematical column of the *Newcastle Magazine*. For the use

of his pupils he published a set of copy books, on the cover of which were minute directions about holding the pen, and other details calculated to produce plain and legible penmanship.

Towards the close of the year 1827, Mr. Atkinson's health gave way, and he died of lung disease on the 31st of January, 1829. His remains were interred in the north-west corner of St. Andrew's churchyard, where a tombstone preserves his memory as "an eminent mathematician and successful schoolmaster," whose "excellent natural talents and extensive scientific attainments are known and highly appreciated by the learned throughout Europe."

### Charles Attwood,

THE RADICAL IRONMASTER.

The career of Charles Attwood belongs for the most part to the county of Durham. He was neither a native, nor for long an inhabitant, of the district which the Tweed shuts off from Scotland, and the Tyne separates from the rest of England. But he was so near a neighbour, and took so active a part in the commercial and political life of Tyneside, that he cannot fairly be excluded from our list. A man of rare ability, indomitable energy, and unconquerable will, he helped at a critical period to fight what was called "freedom's battle" in Newcastle. And although with increasing years his reforming zeal abated, and the sympathies of his early manhood were chilled by disappointment and soured by distrust, he retained to the last an active interest in all public movements that tended to promote local enterprise and encourage local endeavour.

Son of an ironmaster in Shropshire, where he was born in the year 1791, Charles Attwood came, at the age of twenty, to Gateshead, and obtained a share in a small manufactory of window glass. In three years he had bought out his partners, and was a glass maker on his own account, with a large stock of new ideas to work upon, and sufficient capital to carry him safely through it. He patented one of his inventions, and had good prospects of success, for it enabled him to give a transparency to glass which it had not previously possessed. Three years of assiduous labour, however, were consumed in perfecting the process, and before he could make any profit he was involved in a lawsuit. When the case was decided in his favour, after nine years' litigation, he found that the persons from whom he should have recovered his costs were mere men of straw; so he moved along quietly until his patent rights had expired, after which the principle was taken up by others, such as Mr. Chance, of Birmingham, and Mr. Hartley, of Sunderland, in whose hands it was worked out with highly profitable results.

Deprived of the first fruits of his enterprise in the glass trade, Mr. Attwood turned his attention to the business which his father and grandfather had followed before

him. Railway development was creating a demand for iron, and at the same time facilitating its manufacture and distribution. With the Barings, of London, at his back, Mr. Attwood obtained a lease of the ironstone underlying the wide-spreading manors of Wolsingham and Stanhope, erected blastfurnaces at Tow Law, and commenced life afresh as an ironmaster. In this department of industry he was as successful as in the production of glass he had been unfortunate. Under his management the Weardale Iron and Coal Company, as the firm was called, rose to be one of the greatest manufacturing concerns in the district. Ironstone mines and lead mines; collieries and quarries;

furnaces, forges, and rolling mills; industrial populations at Tow Law, Stanhope, and Tudhoe—all these owe their origin, their development, and their prosperity, to the restless energy and the inventive skill of Charles Attwood.

Busy as he was with schemes of commercial and manufacturing advancement, Mr. Attwood, from the outset of his career, was an active politician. Into the agitation which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832, he threw himself energetically. He was a member of both the Birmingham and the North of England Political Unions. With his brother Thomas he helped to rouse the Midlands; with Fife and Doubleday, Headlam and Larkin, he led



*Chas Attwood*

the van in Newcastle. He presided at the meeting in the Music Hall at which the Northern Political Union was launched, pledged himself "to support the friends of the people," and "to employ all legal means in procuring the reform of monstrous and mischievous abuses, whether in our civil or ecclesiastical establishments." Of this organisation he was made treasurer, and very soon it had branches all over the Northern Counties. When the House of Lords, in October, 1831, rejected the Reform Bill, the Northern Political Union became the most potent political force in the district, and Mr. Attwood was its inspiring genius. Ten days after the Lords had "defied the country," the Northern Political Union met and defied them. Only once before had such a demonstration been seen in the streets of Newcastle. Mr. Attwood was drawn in his carriage from his house at Whickham to the rendezvous in Westgate Street, and proceeded to the Town Moor, accompanied by 50,000 people. Over that vast assemblage he presided, expressing in bold and vigorous language sentiments which Ennas Mackenzie, John Fife, W. A. Mitchell, Thomas Hepburn, W. H. Brockett, and Charles Larkin in equally vigorous tones supported.

When Parliament re-assembled and the Reform Bill was again introduced, the Northern, imitating the example of the Birmingham Union passed a resolution which practically affirmed the right of the people to refuse payment of taxes until the bill became law, Mr. Attwood declaring that "if the aristocracy will withhold from the people their rights, we wash our hands of it; but the people are determined to be free." In May, 1832, the famous Spital meeting was held, a meeting memorable for the impassioned speech of Mr. Larkin, in which King William IV. was reminded of the fate of Louis XVI., and Queen Adelaide was warned that a fairer head than hers had rolled upon the scaffold. Mr. Attwood rebuked his colleague for indulging in language which he thought likely to injure their cause, but the meeting was probably more in harmony with the orator than with his critic. Next month the Reform Bill became law. Fife and the Whigs were satisfied; Attwood, Doubleday, and Larkin accepted it as an instalment only of greater reforms to come. Hence arose dissensions and the breaking up of the Union. Fife resigned, and, in a manifesto which he issued to his late colleagues, he put Mr. Attwood in the forefront of the offenders whose conduct had led to his resignation. "Mr. Attwood," he wrote, "required from me a declaration that I would not at any future time attempt to make the Union the tool of the Whigs; I appealed to my character and conduct against so insulting a suspicion, but without hesitation gave my pledge. In return I required from Mr. Attwood a declaration that he would never attempt to make the Union the tool of Cobbett; he appealed to his character and conduct, but refused his pledge."

The Parliamentary elections followed. Sir M. W.

Ridley and Mr. John Hodgson (afterwards Mr. Hodgson Hinde), were the candidates for Newcastle. They had been returned without opposition the previous year, and now it appeared to the Radicals that the representation was to be divided between the two old parties, and that they were to have no share in the victory. To prevent this combination from succeeding, they presented a well-signed requisition to Mr. Attwood, and on Saturday, the 8th December, only three days before the nomination, he consented to stand. That evening he issued his address to "the Worthy and Independent Free Burgesses and Inhabitant Householders of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," announcing himself in favour of household suffrage and the ballot, and the following, among other, reforms:—

I am for expunging from the statute book that infamous enactment, the Septennial Act, and for reverting to, at least, Triennial Parliaments

I am for a real abolition, or extinction of the Tithe Tax, which is not, at present, a tax upon the landlords, as has been deceptively pretended, but a tax on bread.

I am eternally hostile to the Corn Laws as another bread-tax; a tax the most inhuman and execrable that the genius of fiscal tyranny has ever yet invented, and existing in the present case without so much as a pretence of public use, inasmuch as it goes not into the public treasury, but into the pockets of the owners of the soil, in plunder of the people generally, and to the actual starvation of the poor.

I am a decided reformer of Corporations, generally, and though at present unacquainted with details, I am sufficiently aware that the Corporation of this town is in need of it as much as any.

Mr. Attwood's friends mustered in the Music Hall on the Monday evening, and on the following day they marched down in long procession to the hustings. There the show of hands was in his favour, and great were their rejoicings. They met again on the Wednesday evening exchanged congratulations, and made exultant speeches. They covered the walls with handbills headed "Attwood for ever," and even indulged in a little mural humour such as—

Independent Electors of Newcastle! Haste to the Poll, and show the SON of HODGE what you WOOD be AT!

But all their enthusiasm was unavailing. The poll opened on Thursday morning, December 13th, and at noon the figures were—Ridley, 900; Hodgson, 743; Attwood, 467. When night fell the position was not much better, and, although at an early hour next morning "the enemies of corruption who have not polled" were told that they must "rally round the standard to-day—Attwood and Liberty!" the close of the poll showed that Sir M. W. Ridley had received 2,105, Mr. Hodgson 1,678, and Mr. Attwood 1,092 votes.

A defeat so decisive had not been expected. Mr. Attwood and his friends believed that the enthusiasm of the crowd was the voice of the electorate, and like many other politicians, both before and after, were deceived and disappointed. The rejected candidate issued a vale-

dictory address, in which he threw all the blame upon the Whigs. Thus he began :—

The cause of your independence, the cause of public principle, the cause of integrity and liberty, has been, for a time, defeated by the return of Mr. Hodgson to the House of Commons. In opposition to your wishes, in defiance of your feelings, in open and outrageous insult to the freedom of election, all whom influence could persuade, or intimidation force, or interest compel, have been made to swell the ranks of the few internally and conscientiously opposed to your desires, till the heterogeneous torrent became of magnitude sufficient to drown the expression of the public voice.

It is not merely to Tory corruptionists and corporation speculators that you, gentlemen, and your unrepresented fellow-townsmen are indebted for your late defeat, . . . assisted as they have been by threatening or cajoling partisans, by intimidating tyrant-masters, and Puritans whose canting cadences distil so suitably from lying lips. No, gentlemen, it is the false reformers whose apostate voices have determined the victory in favour of corruption and of mock reform. You owe it truly to those recreant Whigs—that renegade faction—who have found their way to power by favour of the people under a parti-coloured garb of Liberal professions, which they are now afraid that you may force them to redeem. It is the deed and device of this imbecile Cabal of double-dealing Patriots, to have mocked your intention of sending to the House of Commons a Representative scarce worthy of yourselves it may be, but one at any rate whose boast it is that he is as far unlike to them as Fortitude, Intellect, and Honour are opposed to Meanness, Incapacity, and False Pretences.

Although defeated, the Radical party were by no means despondent. They considered that, under the circumstances, Mr. Attwood had made a respectable fight, and they determined to relieve their feelings by entertaining him at a public banquet. Four hundred persons and more sat down to dinner, and the proceedings were as enthusiastic as if the participants had been celebrating a victory rather than a defeat.

From this time forward Mr. Attwood's participation in public affairs was less conspicuous. He devoted himself to the development of his undertakings in Weardale, and Tyneside saw little of him. But when the Russian war was raging his voice was heard in Newcastle once more. The *Northern Tribune* for September, 1854, tells us that "his speech, denouncing 'the traitor Aberdeen,' and unveiling the drivelling and fatal policy of the Coalition, has sounded through the land, and its thoroughly English sentiments have been echoed by all true patriots from 'canny Newcastle' to Land's End." Those of us who heard him on that occasion for the first time remember well the flouts, the jibes, the sneers, and the bitter sarcasm in which he indulged, the bold and defiant attitude which he assumed, and the uproarious applause with which his fiery invective was received. He had become a disciple of David Urquhart then, and, under the inspiration of that remarkable personage, he occasionally afterwards "took up his parable" against the Government and its administration of foreign affairs. In February, 1863, he addressed a meeting in the Music Hall on behalf of Poland, then in insurrection, and this was probably his last public appearance in Newcastle. He took part in the South

Durham election of 1865, and after that he was heard no more. On the 25th of February, 1875, at his beautiful home near Wolsingham, in his 85th year, he passed away, and on the 3rd of March four of his old servants carried his remains to their resting-place in Wolsingham churchyard.

Mr. Attwood's portrait is copied from an engraving kindly lent by Mr. C. W. Wawn, of Hollywood House, Wolsingham.

### The Northumbrian Burr.

STRONG in its individuality, the Northumberland dialect is marked off from its neighbours. "The northern limits of 'the burr,'" says Dr. Murray ("Dialects of the Southern Counties of Scotland," p. 86, 87), "are very sharply defined, there being no transitional sound between it and the Scotch *r*. From Carham eastwards the boundary follows the Tweed, which it leaves, however, to include the town and liberties of Berwick, which in this, as in other respects, now adheres to the southern in preference to its own side of the Tweed. Along the line of the Cheviots, the Scotch *r* has driven the *burr* a few miles back, perhaps because many of the farmers and shepherds are of Scottish origin. In the vale of the Reed we suddenly enter the *shroup* country in the neighbourhood of Otterburn (Otohr-bohrn)." Continuing Dr. Murray's line, we follow the *burr* down North Tyne, crossing to its western limit just about a mile beyond Bardon Mill. Turning eastward, we follow it a little to the south of Hexham, from which the line may be drawn to Lanchester, and continued through Northern Durham, skirting Chester-le-Street, north-eastward by Washington, on to Jarrow, passing to the west of North Shields, and so to seaward. Within this boundary line we have the distinctly-marked dialect of Northumberland. South Shields, Sunderland, and south-westward by the Tees Valley are marked off by their own peculiarity of dialect, which grows more pronounced as we advance southward, widening out from the coast, westward, by the valley of the Tees. In South Durham, as we leave the more mixed population of the large coast towns, the dialect assumes the strong Danish peculiarity which changes the article *the* into a simple *t*—"*t'op o' t' hill*," for the top of the hill, &c. Wedged, as it were, between this peculiarity of speech and that characteristic of Northumberland, is the dialect of Weardale, markedly differing from that of Northumberland, but distinct from that of Teesdale on the other side—yet, in the upper part of Weardale, passing into the *t* peculiarity of its neighbour dale. To follow again Dr. Murray, we will quote from his summary, p. 89:—"At the political division of the Northumbria-land, between

England and Scotland, the 'Inglis of the Northin lede' was still written as one language from Doncaster to Aberdeen. It is still most typically represented within the ancient limits of Bernicia—the Forth, the Solway, and the Tyne—the language south of the Tyne having been greatly affected by the Norse of the Denalagu, and, in later times by the literary Midland English, while that of the West and North-East of Scotland has been modified by the Gaelic and Cymric dialects which slowly receded before it."

The "harrying, carrying" sound—as it is called in John de Trevisa—has at all times been apparent to the stranger, and the Northumberland burr has attracted attention more than any other peculiarity of the folk-speech because it is a strange sound, and, therefore, striking to an outsider, just as the Scottish and German *ch*, and the Welsh *ll*, appear to be the marked because unfamiliar sounds. We have references to this guttural from an early period. In 1553, in Thomas Wilson's "Arte of Rhetorique," "This man barks out his Northern English" is the description given of Northumbrian speech. In the "Travels in the Counties of Durham and Northumberland," published 1727, and attributed to Daniel Defoe, the writer says—"I must not quit Northumberland without taking notice, that the natives of this country, of the ancient original race or families, are distinguished by a *Shibboleth* upon their tongues, namely, a difficulty in pronouncing the letter *r*, which they cannot deliver from their tongues without a hollow jarring in the throat, by which they are plainly known, as a foreigner is, in pronouncing the *th*: this they call the Northumberland *r*, and the natives value themselves upon that imperfection, because, forsooth, it shows the antiquity of their blood." Under the name of Stephen Oliver, the Younger, Wm. Andw. Chatto published, in 1835, a valuable little book with the title of "Rambles in Northumberland and on the Scottish Border." It is full of appreciation and keen observation of the county and its peculiarities, and the writer tells us—"The dialect of the people of Newcastle, and Northumberland generally, is distinguished by the broad pronunciation of the letter *r*, which they utter *more græco*, with a full aspiration." This concurrent testimony shows how the stranger is affected by the sound of the folk-speech of Northumberland. Let it be stated, however, that there is no "difficulty" experienced by the Northumberland man in pronouncing the letter; there is vigour and emphasis, as if it rolled behind his tongue like a sweet morsel, or were ground out with "harrying and carrying," rather than trolled out, as the Scotchman does it, with a tip-tongue-trill, but there is no hesitancy or effort.

Political events in past ages gradually pent up Northumbrians within the limits of the present county. Driven in upon themselves, in such compact isolation, we should expect to find the idiosyncrasies of the people strongly marked. And such is the present-day fact,

no way more noticeable than in the folk-speech, with its sharply defined line following along a mark which is an actual historical division, overlapping on part of its southern border the northern part of the county of Durham. Within this circle of demarcation, amid some considerable variations in other modes of speech, one habit is constant and invariable, and that is the burr. It might, therefore, be naturally inferred that this peculiarity was an original racial inheritance in these parts, not a later acquisition or affectation. It does not exist in Deira or in other parts where the strongest impregnation of the Dane is apparent, so that its origin cannot be from that quarter. Dr. Murray (p. 86) has described the sound as an exaggeration of the *r*—produced by a gentle and almost inappreciable tremor of the tongue, into a rough vibration of the soft palate. The sound is more advanced than the Arabic *grhain*, and in a softer form is common in French and German."

The subject of the guttural sound of the letter *r* has been exhaustively treated by Professor Moritz Trautmann, in "Anglia" (Max Niemeyer, Halle, 1880, vol. iij., page 211, *et seq.*). His conclusions are so important in their bearing upon the pronunciation of our Northumberland words, that a somewhat lengthened reference to them is desirable. Professor Trautmann describes the ways in which the letter *r* is sounded. There is what Dr. Murray calls "the tip-tongue-trill"—familiar to us as the peculiarity of the Scotchman or the North Tynedale man. Then there is the "tongue *r*"—which we hear in the ordinary speech of Englishmen, except in one small area. "This small area is a part of Northumberland, the town of Newcastle, and neighbourhood. Here," continues Professor Trautmann, "universally the tonsil *r* is spoken, which we hear nowadays so much in Germany. Englishmen call the *r* of Newcastle and neighbourhood the Northumberland burr, and hold it rightly as a disagreeable provincialism."

Some authors have supposed this burr to be of remote antiquity; as, for instance, Mr. John Richard Green, who describes St. Cuthbert speaking with "the rough Northumbrian burr." ("Short History of English People," 1876, p. 25.) And M. Rapp ascribes the tonsil *r*—or burr—to the Anglo Saxons. ("Versuch einer Physiologie der Sprache," 1836-41, ii., 146, preface.) Other authors have maintained the same opinion, but Prof. Trautmann shows the fallacies on which such an assumption has been based, and demonstrates that the old Northumbrian *r* was a labial *r*, and not the burr as we know it. "Even for later periods," he adds, "the Northumbrian burr cannot be insisted upon; to me at least it is unintelligible upon what data one is to base the proof of its existence. I believe that the Northumbrian burr is of rather young years, and I am confirmed in this view by the fact that the tonsil *r*—the burr—in France and Germany has sprung up in recent times." Professor Trautmann goes on to prove the exact date of

the introduction of the burr to Parisian society. It began a few decades before 1670 as a *coterie* speech with the "Précieuses" of the court. "This people, which covered their healthy hair with artificial hair, and stuck up their healthy skin with plasters,—the *Précieuses*, who set themselves to the task—*'de vulgarizer la langue'*—acted exactly in the spirit of their times when they spoke, not simply and naturally, but with the greatest possible affectation. It was particularly characteristic of the *Précieuse* that he should *burr*" (*schnarrte*). Professor Trautmann goes on to show the rapid spread of the burr, which had become the manner of fashionable society. To imitate it was the outward mark of the gentility of the period. "The *Précieuses*, who were all atwist, had a pleasure in making the false *r* the right one, and to speak different from other people." (Trautmann, p. 216.) About the middle of the seventeenth century the existence of numerous "*ruelles*"—that is *coteries* of *Précieuses*—imported the burr to most of the large French towns. "It has so much extended that now-a-days not a single born Parisian can be found to speak the tongue *r*. If at present a Parisian were to speak the tongue *r*, it would be considered intolerably '*prétentieux*'; and the singing masters of the French capital have great trouble in teaching their scholars the tongue *r*." (Trautmann, p. 217.)

The burr thus established in the capital and the chief towns of France was imported to Germany, where its spread became wide during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and where, according to Professor Trautmann's elaborate investigations, it seems likely to spread yet more extensively and more rapidly. After thus following the course of the burr on the Continent, Professor Trautmann returns to our Northumbrian burr, and asks, "When does it occur first? I am not capable," he adds, "of giving a positive answer to this question; the example of Germany and France makes the supposition possible that it is not old yet. Samuel Johnson has not the word *burr* in its particular significance at the date of his dictionary. And what do we know about the manner of the genesis of this peculiarity? Is it original, or has it come from without? There I must refrain even from supposition."

Referring to these investigations by Professor Trautmann, Dr. Murray (whose "New English Dictionary" is the great work of the century) writes at page 376 of "The Anglia":—"The tradition is that the Northumbrian burr began as a personal defect of the celebrated Hotspur, was imitated by his companions, and by the Earldom as a whole." Dr. Murray is of opinion, after considering the investigation of Professor Trautmann as to the origin and spread of the burr in France and Germany, that the traditional origin in Northumberland becomes possible and even probable. And this conclusion seems to be borne out by a passage in the second part of Shakespeare's

"Henry IV." (act ii., scene 3). Lady Percy is there made to say of the dead Hotspur:—

He was, indeed, the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;  
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant;  
For those that could speak low, and tardily,  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashioned others.

RD. OLIVER HESLOP.

### The Forged Assignats.

HE following paragraph from "Ten Thousand Wonderful Things," for the authenticity of which Mr. F. F. King, M.A., makes himself responsible, shows the extraordinary method adopted by the National Assembly of French, during the first Revolution, for raising money:—

In the year of 1789, at the commencement of the great Revolution in France, Talleyrand proposed in the National Assembly a confiscation of all Church property to the service of the State. The Abbé Maury opposed this project with great vehemence, but, being supported by Mirabeau, it received the sanction of the Assembly by an immense majority on the 2nd November. The salaries fixed for the priesthood were small, and, moreover, were not sufficiently guaranteed; whence originated much misery to all classes of priests, from the archbishops down to the humble curés; and, as monastic institutions were treated in the same way, monks and nuns were suddenly placed in precarious circumstances regarding the means of subsistence. Here, however, an unexpected difficulty sprang up; the National Assembly were willing to sell church property, but buyers were wanting; conscience, prudence, and poverty combined to lessen the number of those willing to purchase, and thus the urgent claims of the treasury could not be satisfied. Applications for loans were not responded to; taxes had been extinguished; voluntary donations had dwindled almost to nothing; and 400,000,000 of livres were necessary for the vast claims of the year 1790. The municipalities of Paris and other cities sought to ameliorate the state of affairs by subscribing for a certain amount of Church property, endeavouring to find private purchasers for it, and paying the receipts into the national exchequer. This, however, being but a very partial cure for the enormity of the evils, the National Assembly fell upon the expedient of creating state-paper, or bank-notes, to have a forced currency throughout the kingdom. Such was the birth of the memorable assignat. Four hundred millions of this paper were put in circulation, and a decree was passed that Church property to that amount should be held answerable for the assignat.

It was at this period that forged assignats were imported into France from England, in the hope that they would be confused with the genuine assignats of the French Government.

K. R., Newcastle.

That forged French assignats were printed in England during the French Revolution is no mere tradition, but an historical fact; the more the pity, for, though every-

thing is supposed to be fair in love and war, the stratagem was not a very creditable one to those concerned in it. The forgeries, it is said, were made at the instance of the Government of Mr. Pitt. Cobbett, in his "Paper against Gold," quotes the following law case from "Espinasse's Reports," Mich. Term, 36 Geo. III., 1795:—

Strongitharm against Lakyn. Case on a Promissory Note.—Mingay and Marryatt for the plaintiff; Erskine and Law for the defendant. The acceptance and endorsement having been proved, Erskine, for the defendant, stated his defence to be that the note was given for the purpose of paying the plaintiff, an engraver, for the engraving of copper plates upon which *French assignats* were to be forged, and contended that, as the consideration of the note was a fraud, it contaminated the whole transaction, and rendered the note not recoverable by law. Caslon, an indorser of the note, called as a witness, proved that the defendant, having it in contemplation to strike off impressions of a considerable quantity of assignats to be issued abroad, applied to him for the purpose of recommending an engraver, representing to him that they were for the Duke of York's army. He applied to Strongitharm, who at first declined the business totally, but, being assured by the witness that it was sanctioned by Government, at length undertook the work.

This is, perhaps, as much as it is essential to quote, unless we add to it one significant sentence from Lord Kenyon's summing up:—"Whether the issuing of these assignats, for the purpose of distressing the enemy, was lawful in carrying on the war, he was not prepared to say."

In addition to the evidence furnished by this trial, we have, in *Notes and Queries* for 1852, the following from Sir W. C. Trevelyan:—"The paper for the assignats was manufactured at Haughton Paper Mill (built in 1788), a few miles from Hexham, in a very picturesque part of Northumberland. The transaction was managed for Mr. Pitt by Mr. (afterwards Alderman) Magnay, whose family was and is connected with that part of the country. One of the moulds in which the paper was made is still in the possession of the proprietor of the mill, in whose family some of the assignats were also long preserved, but they have now been lost. The assignats were probably printed in London. The mill is still standing, but it is not at present in operation."

Another authority whom it will be well to quote from at some length, seeing that he gives not only the *raison d'être* of the forgery, but explains in his usual lucid way the precise meaning of the word "assignat," is Thomas Doubleday, who in his "Financial History of England" tells us—

The grand reliance of the Minister [Pitt] was upon the notoriously desperate state of the French finances, and the consequent destitute condition of their armies, if armies they could be called, which consisted of hasty levies of undisciplined volunteers, unprovided with the commonest necessaries for a campaign, and marching in the snow destitute of shoes and stockings. The truth certainly was that, in the judgment of all men, the money affairs of the French Convention were, at that period, quite desperate. Finding it impossible amidst the vicissitudes of the times to collect any sufficient amount of taxes in metallic or real

money, the Revolutionary Government, after the seizure of the property of the Church and the emigrant noblesse, issued a paper money secured upon these now "national domains," and styled "assignats," because to the holders of this paper was assigned a certain lien upon these immense estates. This, abstractly considered, forms a better security for a paper currency than the world had ever before, or has ever since, seen, without any exception whatsoever; but when the Austrian and Prussian veterans prepared to cross the French frontiers, even this security began to lose its credit rapidly; and when England at length joined the ill-omened confederation, that decline was vastly accelerated. In the meantime the necessity of increased preparation, and the rise in prices which the increased issue and growing depreciation of the paper caused, hurried on the whole towards the final catastrophe of panic and total discredit, which Pitt at last contrived to render complete. When he joined the war, Pitt had predetermined to complete the discredit of the assignats by forging and distributing the forgeries over France; which he did. The consequence was that the assignats became "waste paper," and they may to this hour [1847] be seen pasted against the walls of cottages in France, as memorials of the time when they fell. This act of Pitt has been confidently denied; and it has been asserted that, if done, it was not with the knowledge of the heads of the Government. Both denial and assertion are, however, false. In consequence of a fraudulent dishonour of a bill of exchange, the whole was divulged in a court of law; and the paper of which the forgeries were made is now known to have been manufactured, by direct order of Government, at Langley Paper Mill, situate near the city of Durham, a site chosen, probably, for this purpose on account of its remoteness from the seat of government; and indeed the whole transaction was worthy of the genius of the Minister who was singularly destitute of military notions, excepting in so far as they were intertwined with the grand question of "ways and means." The blowing up of the French currency of "assignats" was the first and last of Mr. Pitt's triumphs.

It will be noticed that Mr. Doubleday declares the paper to have been made at Langley Paper Mills. Another authority says it was made at Dartford, near London. The Government order may have been divided amongst the three mills mentioned—Haughton, Langley, and Dartford. From Sir Walter Trevelyan's communication, Haughton at least appears to have had a share. Wherever the real spot may have been, this is certain, that popular tradition in our neighbourhood has little or no hesitation in assigning the credit, or discredit, of the manufacture of the paper to the owner of the North Tyne Paper Mill. JOHN OXBERRY, JUN., Felling-on-Tyne.

The paper mill on North Tyne was occupied some time by the undersigned, and the owner of the mill, Mr. Smith, of Haughton Castle, had the mould in his possession from which the paper was made. On two occasions Mr. Smith brought it to the mill, to have a few sheets made to give to his friends. Of course it was only blank paper, with the French wire mark in it. The notes were sent to a midland town to be printed. The object the Government had in view was to get them circulated in France, so as to depreciate the value of French paper, and also to pay the expenses of our army. It apparently had the desired effect, for the French paper money came down to one-fourth of its

nominal value, as stated in the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, November 30, 1794.

T. FORDYCE, Newcastle.

It should be added that another story ascribes the forged assignats to the royalist refugees who were then residing in England.

EDITOR.

## Robin of Risingham.

**R**ISINGHAM, "fast by the river Reed," is an ancient Roman station, formerly called Habitancum. It was the first station north of Hadrian's Great Wall, from which it was about twelve miles distant, and stood on the Watling Street, about the same distance from Bremenium, now Rowchester, on the direct road into North Britain, through a pass in the Cheviot Hills. The place is not mentioned in Antonine's Itinerary, or in the Notitia; yet it must have been occupied by the Romans about the time of the Emperor Lucius Aurelius Antoninus, otherwise named Commodus, the unworthy son of the philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, who was poisoned by his favourite mistress, Martia, in the year 193. This is evident from inscriptions and coins found on the site of the station and in its near neighbourhood.

In the year 1607 two stone altars were washed out of the river bank during a flood. They were dedicated to the god Mogen, or Magon, of the Cadeni, or Gadeni, the British tribe who occupied the country on both sides of the fells, and from whom the rivers Jed and Caddon are supposed to take their names. Mogen, or Magon, is believed to have been the young hunter god of the Celts, likewise the sun god, worshipped by the Pagan Irish under the denomination of Mogan, the Young Hero, and Maon, the Hero; and by the Cambro-Britons styled Mabon—the Celtic Apollo. In Camden's time the inhabitants of the place had a tradition that Magon was a great giant who defended the station a long while against some Saxon or Pagan prince; but there is no trace now remaining of any such legend.

The modern name Risingham is synonymous with the German Riesenheim—"the habitation of giants." About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch trees and fragments of sand-stone rock, Sir Walter Scott, in his historical romance of "Rokeby," tells us how, upon—

The moated mound of Risingham  
Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees,  
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown  
An outlaw's image on the stone;  
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,  
With quiver'd back, and kirtled knee.

Ask how he died, that hunter bold,  
The tameless monarch of the wold,  
And age and infancy can tell,  
By brother's treachery he fell,

This refers to a remarkable figure, in high relief, called Robin of Risingham, Reedsdale, or Redesdale, cut upon the face of a huge piece of rock, that has fallen from the cliff above, on the side of the hill, a few yards to the west of the Watling Street, near a place called the Park Head. It originally represented a hunter, with his bow



raised in one hand, and in the other what seemed to casual observers to be a hare. He had a quiver at his back, and was dressed in a long coat, toga, kilt, or kirtle—for so it was differently denominated, according to the different ideas with which antiquaries regarded it. This coat, however, unlike the Highland kilt, came down to the knees, and was bound round the figure with a girdle or belt, buckled in front. On his head he wore what some called a helmet and others a Phrygian bonnet. Dr. Horsley, who, as Scott's says, "saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes," inclined to think Robin represented the Emperor Commodus as the Roman Hercules triumphant and victorious, and that it must have been sculptured about the time when that prince assumed the name Britannicus after the disturbances in Britain had been quelled by his lieutenant Pertinax. Horsley likewise fancied that the square stone beside the principal figure was an altar, and that what he carried in his right hand was a club; while the quiver and arrows on his left

shoulder, and the bow in his left hand, agreed with the character given of Commodus by Herodian, who describes him as the most comely man of his age, a perfect athlete, and a most excellent archer, who had slain not only stags and fallow deer (*elephantas kai dorkadas*) and wild bulls, but also lions and panthers, attacking them in front and aiming only at the heart, and never needing to use a second arrow. The historian likewise tells us that he ordered himself to be called Hercules, the son of Jupiter, and, laying aside the habits of Roman princes, dressed himself in a lion's skin and carried a club in his hand, making himself a public laughing stock, and ordering statues to be set up to himself in this guise all over the city of Rome, which ridiculous adulmentation, we may conclude, most likely extended to the provinces, and even as far as the high lands of the Gadeni. At any rate, there is little reason to doubt that Robin of Risingham dates from the Roman era, though the rudeness of the figure seems to indicate that it was executed by a native artist.

Warburton, in his map of Northumberland, published previous to 1727, appears to have been the first to give an engraving of the figure, to which he subjoins the following brief notice:—"This antick figure I find cut on a rock in Risingham, in Reedsdale, called the Soldier's Stone." The stone was five-sided, six feet on the base, eight feet high, five feet on the two sides to the right of the middle of its front, seven feet on the uppermost side to the left, and four on the lower, and about six

feet in thickness. The figure itself was about four feet high, and had a panel above it about twenty-nine inches long and twenty broad, as if intended for an inscription. In Horsley's time the figure was still perfect, but the only part of it which now remains is from the waist downwards, that portion of the stone which contained the trunk and head having been broken off about the beginning of this century. In the dedicatory epistle to "Ivanhoe," Scott informs Dr. Dryasdust that "a sulky churlish boor" had entirely destroyed Robin, whose fame, it seems, had attracted more visitants than was consistent with the growth of the heather upon a moor worth a shilling an acre. The yeoman who perpetrated this vandalism, to prevent learned or inquisitive strangers from passing over a few yards of his ground to visit Robin, was one John Shanks, of Whitston House.

The popular tradition in Sir Walter Scott's time was that the figure represents a giant who lived at Risingham, and who had a brother of like stature at Woodburn. They subsisted by hunting. One of them, however, finding the game growing scarce, saw no remedy but to get rid of his brother, and accordingly poisoned him. The story went on to say that the monument was engraved to perpetuate the memory of the murdered man, who, like Nimrod, was a mighty hunter.

Descending to modern times, we find several personages distinguished by the name of Robin of Reedsdale. One of the Umfravilles, Lord Prudhoe, Robert with the Beard, on whom the Conqueror bestowed the Forest of



Reedsdale, and the castles of Otterburn and Harbottle, &c., to be held for ever by the service of defending the country against thieves and wolves, was popularly known as Robin of Reedsdale. So, some centuries afterwards, was a man named Robert Hillyard, who, in the time of Edward IV., was a friend and follower of the king-making Earl of Warwick.

Our sketches are taken—the smaller one from Hutchinson's "View of Northumberland," and the larger from Dr. Bruce's "Roman Wall."

### Lord Byron at Seaham.

**A**LL the world knows that the marriage of Lord Byron and Miss Milbanke was a very unhappy one. He was the spoiled child of fame and fortune; she the spoiled child of her own family. His weakness was to be thought strong; hers to be prim and prudish. It was written of them, long after their union had been broken up for ever:—"He morbidly exaggerated his vices, and she her virtues; his monomania lay in being an impossible sinner, and hers an impossible saint. In the decorous world's eye, he was the faulty, and she the faultless monster of romantic fiction. He in his mad moods did his best to blacken his own reputation, while her self-delusions invariably tended to foster the fond persuasion that the strict pharisaical principles in which her mother had brought her up obliged her to suppress her natural feelings, whenever these would have prompted her to comply with the world's fashions."

While leading a thoughtless, dissipated life, too common among those of his age and rank, Byron's inner life was distressingly lonely. He was as conscious as any one could be that the path he was treading was the road to ruin; and, in a passage in his journal, speaking in admiration of some lady whose name he left blank, he wrote—"A wife would be the salvation of me." Under this conviction, which not only himself, but all his real friends entertained of the prudence of his taking timely refuge in matrimony from those perplexities (to call them by the gentlest name) which form the sequel of all less regular ties, he began to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage, at least, says Moore, as seriously as his thoughts were ever capable of being so turned. But ever and again new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross for a time the young poet, and still as the usual penalties of such illicit pursuits followed, he found himself once more sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock as some security against their recurrence. Two or three women of rank at different times formed the subject of his confused matrimonial dreams.

The lot at length fell on Anne Isabella, only child of Sir Ralph Milbanke, of Halsbury, county York, and of the Hon. Judith Noel, daughter of Sir Edward Noel, Viscount Wentworth. The first time Byron saw his future wife was at Lady Melbourne's in London. He told Captain Medwin long afterwards that in going upstairs on that occasion he stumbled, and remarked to Moore, who accompanied him, that it was a bad omen. On entering the room, he observed a young lady, more simply dressed than the rest

Seaham Hall, Durham.



of the assembly, sitting alone upon a sofa. He took her for a humble companion, and asked quietly if he was right in his conjecture. "She is a great heiress," said his friend, in a whisper, that became lower as he proceeded; "you had better marry her and repair the old place, Newstead." There was something piquant, and what we term pretty, about Miss Milbanke. Her features were small and feminine, though not regular. She had the fairest skin imaginable. Her figure was perfect for her height, and there was a simplicity, a retired modesty, about her, which was very characteristic. She interested the young poet-peer exceedingly. It is unnecessary to detail the progress of their acquaintance. He became daily more attached to her, and ended in making her a proposal of marriage, which, however, was not accepted, though every assurance of friendship and regard accompanied the refusal, and a wish was even expressed that they should continue to write to each other. A correspondence, somewhat singular between two young persons of different sexes, consequently ensued, but love was not the subject of it.

Meanwhile, a person unnamed, but said to have been Sheridan, who had for some time stood high in Byron's confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects—his family estates being heavily mortgaged, and his matutinal reflections, intensified by headaches, very distressing—advised him strenuously to get married. After much discussion, he consented. The next point for consideration was—Who was to be the object of his choice? While his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Miss Milbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected, remarking that Miss Milbanke, though niece to Lady Melbourne, cousin to Lady Cowper, and heir-presumptive to old Lord Wentworth, had at present no fortune; that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed—half in jest, half in earnest—that his friend should write a proposal for him to another lady named, which was accordingly done; and one morning shortly afterwards, as they were once more sitting together, an answer from her arrived, containing a refusal. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person;—I will write to her." He accordingly wrote on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter, but, on reading it over, observed, "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one." "Then it shall go," said Lord Byron; and, so saying, he sealed and sent off on the instant what proved to be the fiat of his destiny.

This time he was accepted, and there could be no drawing back, whatever misgivings he might have as to

the sequel. On the day the answer arrived he was sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in and presented him with his mother's marriage ring, which she had lost many years before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mould under her window. Almost at the same moment the letter from Miss Milbanke was handed in, and Lord Byron exclaimed, "If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring!" It did contain a very flattering acceptance, and the omen was hailed as a happy one, though his mother's experience would not have borne that out.

Contemplating his approaching union, Byron wrote:—"I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and, seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person—that, in short, I wish I was a better." Again:—"I certainly did not address Miss Milbanke with mercenary views, but it is likely she may prove a considerable *part*. All her father can give, or leave her, he will; and from her childless uncle, Lord Wentworth, whose barony, it is supposed, will devolve on Lady Milbanke (his sister), she has expectations. But these will depend upon his own disposition, which seems very partial towards her. She is an only child, and Sir Ralph's estates, though dipped (?) by electioneering, are considerable. Part of them are settled on her; but whether that will be dowered now I do not know—though from what has been intimated to me, it probably will. The lawyers will settle this among them."

Byron had the satisfaction of being told that Miss Milbanke had refused six suitors in the meantime, which certainly was a salve for his lordship's not unnatural vanity; for he had now given to the world the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," and "The Corsair," and had gained for himself the very highest name among the poets of the day. In due course he received Sir Ralph's invitation to proceed to Seaham, the worthy baronet's seat in North Durham, in his capacity as an accepted lover. Somehow or other he had still misgivings. Though Miss Milbanke had "great expectations," she was possessed at the time of but little money, while the poet stood in need of a great deal. He declared that his head was in a state of confusion; only, having made the venture, he was willing to take the risk; and so his "mind was made up—positively fixed, determined." "Of course," continued he, "I am very much in love, and as silly as all single gentlemen must be in that sentimental situation." Adverting to his approaching marriage, "it should have been two years earlier," said he, "and if it had, it would have saved a deal of trouble. But, as it is, I wish it were well over, for I hate bustle, and there is no marrying without some; and, then, one must not marry in a black coat, and I hate a blue one."

The affianced couple were now only waiting lawyers,

and settlements, and other formalities, all necessary when the parties to be made one have worldly wealth, or the prospect of it, either on the one side or the other. At this time Byron wrote of Miss Milbanke:—"She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be, in her own right—an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—a mathematician—a metaphysician, and yet, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions and a tenth of her advantages." There need be little doubt that this high-flown praise was somewhat deserved in the young lady's case. Byron, on another occasion, long afterwards, said "there never was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable being." Miss Milbanke herself unquestionably dreamed, and was taught perhaps by her mother to expect, that she would wean Byron from his evil courses, and convert him into a good Christian, or at least a reputable member of society, and a staunch adherent of the Established Church, like her father.

A walk is still pointed out in Seaham Dene which the bridegroom expectant used to frequent, probably to court the Muses. It is a very retired spot, and is still known as "Byron's Walk." The only thing he wrote, so far as we know, while waiting for the tying of the nuptial knot, was the piece commencing—"When some brisk youth, a tenant of a stall"—referring to Joseph Blackett, an unfortunate child of genius, dubbed by Byron "Cobbler Joe," whose last days were soothed by the generous attention of the Milbanke family, and whose orphan daughter, whom he styled "the shoemaking Sappho," Miss Milbanke used to visit in what she sentimentally styled the "Cottage of Friendship."

The marriage was performed by special license, on the 2nd of January, 1815, in the drawing-room of Seaham Hall. No sooner was the ceremony over than the happy pair set out for Halsnaby, Sir Ralph's country seat in Yorkshire. Lord Byron long afterwards told Captain Medwin he was surprised at the arrangements for the journey, and somewhat out of humour to find a lady's maid stuck between him and his bride. "But it was rather too early," added he, "to assume the husband; so I was forced to submit, but it was not with a very good grace. Put yourself," he went on to say, "in a similar situation, and tell me if I had not some reason to be in the sulks. I have been accused of saying, on getting into the carriage, that I had married Lady Byron out of spite, and because she had refused me twice. Though I was for a moment vexed at her prudery, or whatever you may choose to call it, if I had made so uncavalier, not to say brutal, a speech, I am convinced Lady Byron would instantly have left the carriage to me and the maid (I mean the lady's). She had spirit enough to have done

so, and would properly have resented the affront." This seems to be the true version of the affair. But we are likewise told that, when the newly wedded pair were on the point of setting off for Halsnaby, Lord Byron said to his bride, to the horror of the lady's confidential attendant, who pronounced it to be a bad omen—"Miss Milbanke, are you ready?" And of evil omen, it truly was, though a mere natural misadventure.

We are told in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's wholly unreliable narrative of a hideous confession made by his lordship, as soon as the carriage doors were shut, and of its terrible effect upon the poor lady. Miss Milbanke's former lady's maid, Mrs. Minns, who had the close confidence of her mistress during the long period of ten years, who had quitted her service only some months before on the occasion of her own marriage, and who had been asked to return and fulfil once more the duties of lady's maid, at least during the honeymoon, preceded Lord and Lady Byron to prepare for their reception at Halsnaby Hall. She was present when they arrived at that mansion in the afternoon of the day, and saw them alight from the carriage. At that moment, according to Mrs. Minns's testimony, Lady Byron was as buoyant and cheerful as a bride should be, and kindly and gaily responded to the greetings of welcome which poured upon her from the pretty numerous group of servants and tenants of the Milbanke family who had assembled about the entrance to the mansion. And Lord Byron's confidential servant, Fletcher, who was the only other person that accompanied the newly married pair from Seaham to Halsnaby, but who, of course, sat upon the box, not inside, informed Mrs. Minns that a similar scene had occurred at Darlington, at the hotel where they changed horses.

The happiness of Lady Byron, however, was of brief duration. Even during the short three weeks they spent at Halsnaby, the irregularities of her husband occasioned her the greatest distress, and it is said she even contemplated returning to her father. Mrs. Minns was her constant companion and confidante during this painful period, and she did not believe that her ladyship concealed a thought from her. With laudable reticence, the old lady, when interviewed by a correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in her eighty-fifth year, absolutely refused to disclose the particulars of Lord Byron's misconduct at the time. She gave Lady Byron, she said, a solemn promise not to do so; but language, adds the interviewer, would be wanting to express the indignation with which she repudiated the gross explanation which Mrs. Stowe has given of the matter. So serious, however, did Mrs. Minns consider the conduct of Lord Byron, that she recommended her mistress to confide all the circumstances to her father—"a calm, kind, and most excellent parent"—and take his advice as to her future course. At one time Mrs. Minns thought Lady Byron

had resolved to follow her counsel, and impart her wrongs to Sir Ralph Milbanke; but, on arriving at Seaham Hall, her ladyship strictly enjoined Mrs. Minns to preserve absolute silence on the subject—a course which she followed herself, so that when, six weeks later, she and Lord Byron left Seaham for London, not a word had escaped her to disturb her parent's tranquillity as to their daughter's domestic happiness. Lord Byron, conversing with Captain Medwin, allowed that his honeymoon was not all sunshine.

On the 2nd February, Byron wrote as follows to Moore :—“ I have been transferred to my father-in-law's domicile, with my lady and my lady's maid, &c., &c., &c., and the treacle moon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration, Swift says ‘ no wise man ever married ;’ but, for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all future states. I still think one ought to marry upon *lease* ; but am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though next term were for ninety and nine years.”

It was after their return to Seaham, that the humdrum sort of life they were expected to lead there tried Lord Byron's mercurial temper beyond endurance, and rendered him more than ever perversely rebellious against conventional restraint. He wrote to a correspondent :—“ Upon this dreary coast, we have nothing but country meetings and shipwrecks ; and I have this day dined upon fish, which probably dined upon the crews of several colliers lost in the late gales. My papa, Sir Ralph, has recently made a speech at a Durham tax meeting ; and not only at Durham, but here, several times since, after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor let him fall asleep, as might possibly have been the case with some of his audience.” And he adds in a postscript :—“ I must go to tea—damn tea.”

In another letter he says :—“ What an odd situation and friendship is ours !—without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other.”

A great quarrel occurred in the sixth week of their marriage. During a jealous mood, superinduced by her husband's actual or imagined infidelities, Lady Byron fearfully resented a hasty remark of his. “ I deeply regret to know,” he said, “ that my beloved Mary Chaworth was very unhappy in her marriage. Ah, it might have been different had we married !” Upon hearing this remark, Lady Byron instantly arose, and in great anger uttered the fatal words, “ Mary Chaworth rejected you for your deformity, as I did once, and it had been better if I had still rejected a man with a devil's foot.” And with these words she left the apartment. To Lord Byron, sensitive as the quivering

aspen leaf upon that very fact of his deformity—his “ curse of life,” as he once said to Trelawney—the words were as daggers. From that moment there ceased all marital intercourse between the newly-wedded pair. Both kept their own apartments, and communed only with their own friends, brooding over their respective wrongs ; and thenceforward, though the forms of outward decency might be observed before strangers, a fixed determination to part, at least for a time, perhaps for ever, was entertained by each.

But into the particulars of their actual separation, which took place in London, on the 15th of January, 1816, we have no intention to enter here. Their married life had lasted only one year and thirteen days.

## The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

### JOCK O' THE SYDE.

CCORDING to Sir Walter Scott, “the subject of this ballad, being a common event in the troublesome and disorderly times of the Borders, became a favourite theme of the ballad-makers.” Several poems on the rescue of prisoners have been written, the incidents of which nearly resemble each other, and, indeed, some verses are common to two or three of the ballads.

The story rests solely upon tradition. Jock o' the Syde seems to have been nephew to the Laird of Mangerton, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Chrystie of the Syde, mentioned in the list of Border Clans, 1597. Like the Laird's Jock, he is also commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland in his poem against the thieves of Liddesdale.

He is weel kend, Johnie of the Syde,  
A greater thief did never ryde:  
He nevir tyris  
For to brek tyris;  
Our muir and myris,  
Ouir gude ane guide, &c.

Jock o' the Syde appears to have assisted the Earl of Westmorland in his escape, after his unfortunate insurrection with the Earl of Northumberland, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth. “ The two rebellious rebels went into Liddesdale, in Scotland, yesternight, where Martin Ellwood (Elliot) and others that have given pledges to the Regent of Scotland, did raise their forces against them, being conducted by Black Ormeston, an outlaw of Scotland, that was a principal murtherer of the King of Scots, where the fight was offered and both parties alighted from their horses ; and, in the end, Ellwood said to Ormeston, he would be sorry to enter deadly feud with him by bloodshed ; but he would charge

him and the rest before the Regent for keeping of the rebels; and if he did not put them out of the country the next day, he would doe his worst again them; whereupon the two earls were driven to leave Liddesdale, and to fly to one of the Armstrongs, a Scott upon the batable (debateable) land on the Borders, between Liddesdale and England. The same day the Liddesdale men stole the horses of the Countess of Northumberland, and of her two women, and ten others of their company; so as, the earls being gone, the Lady of Northumberland was left there on foot, at John of the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog kennel in England. At their departing from her, they went not above fifty horse, and the Earl of Westmoreland, to be the more unknown, changed his coat of plate and sword with John o' the Side, and departed like a Scottish borderer." (Advertisements from Hexham, 22d December, 1569, in the *Cabala*, p. 160.)

The present ballad, and two others entitled "Dick o' the Cow" and "Hobbie Noble," were first published in 1784 in the *Hawick Museum*, a provincial miscellany, to which they were communicated by John Elliott, Esq., of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of the Western Borders. They are connected with each other, and appear to have been written by the same author.

The tune given in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy" to "Dick o' the Cow" was a very poor one, and wholly unfitted for use to this ballad. Robert Chambers published in 1843 "Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads," with the original airs, where this ballad is given, but the melody is little better than that of the "Minstrelsy." The tune given below is the one to which the ballad was invariably sung in Liddesdale, and is much the best of the three. It was taken down by the late Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, in Liddesdale, and sent by him, with several other border tunes, to the Antiquarian Society at Newcastle in 1857.

Now Lid - des - dale has rid - den a raid, But I  
 wat they had bet - ter ha'e staid at hame, For  
 Mich - ael o' Winfield he is dead And  
 Jock o' the Syde is pris - on - er ta'en, And  
 Jock o' the Syde is pris - on - er ta'en.

For Mangerton House Lady Downie has gane,  
 Her coats she has kilted up to her knee,  
 And down the water wi' speed she rins,  
 While tears in spates\* fa' fast frae her e'e.

Then up and spak our gude auld lord—  
 "What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?"  
 "Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;  
 Michael is killed, and they ha'e ta'en my son Johnnie!"

"Ne'er fear, sister Downie," quo' Mangerton;  
 "I have yokes of ousen, eighty and three;  
 My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weel filled,  
 I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnnie shall die.

"Three men I'll send to set him free,  
 A' harneist wi' the best o' steil';  
 The English louns may hear, and drie  
 The weight o' their braid-swords to feel."

"The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa;  
 O! Hobbie Noble thou ane maun be!  
 Thy coat is blue thou hast been true,  
 Since England banish'd thee to me."

Now Hobbie was an English man,  
 In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born:  
 But his misdeeds they were sae great  
 They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave—  
 "Your horses the wrang way maun be shod;  
 Like gentlemen ye maunna seim,  
 But look like corn-cadgers† ga'en the road.

"Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,  
 Not yet appear like men o' weir;  
 As country lads be a' arrayed  
 Wi' branks and brechann‡ on each mare."

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod  
 And Hobbie has mounted his gray sae fine;  
 Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,  
 And on they rode for the water o' Tyne.

At the Cholerford they a' light down  
 And there wi' the help of the light o' the moon;  
 A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side  
 To climb up the wa' of Newcastle toun.

But when they cam' to Newcastle toun,  
 And were alighted at the wa',  
 They fand their tree three ells ower laigh,||  
 They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak' the Laird's ain Jock—  
 "There's naething for't; the gates we maun force."  
 But when they cam' the gates untill,  
 A proud porter withstood baith man and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrong wrang;  
 Wi' fute or hand he ne'er played pa'!  
 His life and his keys at ane they ha'e ta'en,  
 And cast his body ahind the wa'.

Now suin they reach Newcastle jail  
 And to the prisoner thus they call:  
 "Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Syde,  
 Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"

\* Torrents.

† Corn carriers—corn was carried in sacks laid over the horse's back in front of the rider.

‡ The leather collar and the wooden staves called "branks" to which the harness is attached.

|| Low.

Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone ;  
 "Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep ;  
 But wha's this ken's my name sae weel,  
 And thus to mese<sup>g</sup> my waes does seik ?"

Then out and spak' the gude Laird's Jock,  
 "Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he ;  
 "For here are the Laird's Jock, and the Laird's Wat,  
 And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."

"Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,  
 For ever, alas ! this canna be ;  
 For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,  
 The morn's the day that I maun die.

"Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron,  
 They hae laid a' right sair on me,  
 Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound,  
 Into this dungeon dark and drearie."

"Fear ye nae that," quo' the Laird's Jock,  
 "A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladye ;  
 Work thou within, we'll work without,  
 And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."

The first strang door that they cam' at,  
 They loosed it without a key ;  
 The next chained door that they cam' at,  
 They garr'd it a' to flinders fice.

The prisoner now upon his back  
 The Laird's Jock's gotten up fu' hie ;  
 And down the stairs, him, airns, and a',  
 Wi' nae sma' speid and joy, brings he.

"Now Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,  
 "Some o' his weight ye may lay on me."  
 "I wat weel, no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock,  
 "I count him lighter than a flee."

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,  
 The prisoner's set on horseback hie ;  
 And now wi' speed they've ta'en the gate,  
 While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonie.

"O Jock ! sae winsomely's ye ride,  
 With baith your feet upon ae side ;  
 Sae weel ye're harneist, and sae trig—  
 In troth ye sit like ony bride."

The night, tho' wat, they didna mind,  
 But hied them on fu' merrile ;  
 Until they cam' to Cholerford brae,  
 Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam' to Cholerford,  
 There they met wi' an auld man ;  
 Says—"Honest man, will the water ride ?  
 Tell us in haste if that you can."

"I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man,  
 "I ha' lived here threety years and thrie,  
 And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,  
 Nor running anes sae like a sea."

Then out and spak' the Laird's saft Wat,  
 The greatest coward in the compagnie—  
 "Now halt, now halt ! we needna try't,  
 The day is come we a' maun die."

"Puir faint-hearted thief !" cried the Laird's ain Jock,  
 "There'll nae man die but him that's fey ;  
 I'll guide you a' right safely thro' ;  
 Lift ye the prisoner on shint me."

Wi' that the water they hae ta'en ;  
 By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro' ;  
 "Here are we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock,  
 "And puri faint Wat, what think ye noo ?"

They scarce the other brae had won,  
 When twenty men they saw pursue :  
 Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,  
 A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-sergeant the water saw,  
 "It winna ride, my lads," quo' he ;  
 Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,  
 But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."

"I wat weel no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock.  
 "I'll keep them a' ; shoon to my mare they'll be ;  
 My gude bay mare—for I am sure,  
 She has brought them all right dear frae thee."

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale  
 E'en as fast as they cou'd them hie ;  
 The prisoner's brought to's ain fireside,  
 And there o's airns they mak' him free.

"Now Jock, my billie," quo' all the three,  
 "The day is comed thou was to dee,  
 But thou's an weel at thy ain fireside  
 Now sitting I think 'twixt thee and me."

They hae garred fill up ae punch bowl,  
 And after it they maun haes anither ;  
 And thus the night they a' haes spent  
 Just as they'd been brither and brither.

## Brinkburn Priory.

**B**RINKBURN PRIORY is delightfully situated on a small peninsula formed by the river Coquet, about four miles south-east of Rothbury. The learned antiquaries, Hutchinson and Grose, were both struck with admiration on viewing its ruins. Thus the former says—"This is the most melancholy and deep solitude, chosen for a religious edifice, I ever yet visited." The latter, while observing that the building, upon the whole, except about the doors, which had circular arches richly adorned with a variety of Saxon ornaments, is remarkably plain, goes on to say that "it has a sober and solemn majesty not always found in buildings more highly decorated." Grose adds that perhaps it may owe part of this to its romantic situation, which is "the most proper in the world for retirement and meditation."

The walls of the priory are washed by the clear waters of the meandering Coquet ; the steep grassy bank behind it recedes just sufficiently to leave a level space large enough to accommodate the buildings ; and the opposite shore of the river is bounded by a semi-circular and lofty ridge of shaggy rocks, mantled with ivy, and beautifully overhung by a variety of fine trees, shrubs, ferns, and other plants. The only approach is by a slant path, cut out of the rock, on the west side, or by following the bed of the river on the east. The visitor does not get a glimpse of the place till he comes within a few yards of the door of the church, which forms part of the old monastic pile. The priory, affording one of the finest examples extant of what is known as the later transitional style of architecture, between the Saxon and the Gothic, prevalent in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries,

was restored, so far as such a venerable relic of antiquity could be fittingly and tastefully restored, through the pious munificence of its proprietor, about thirty years ago.

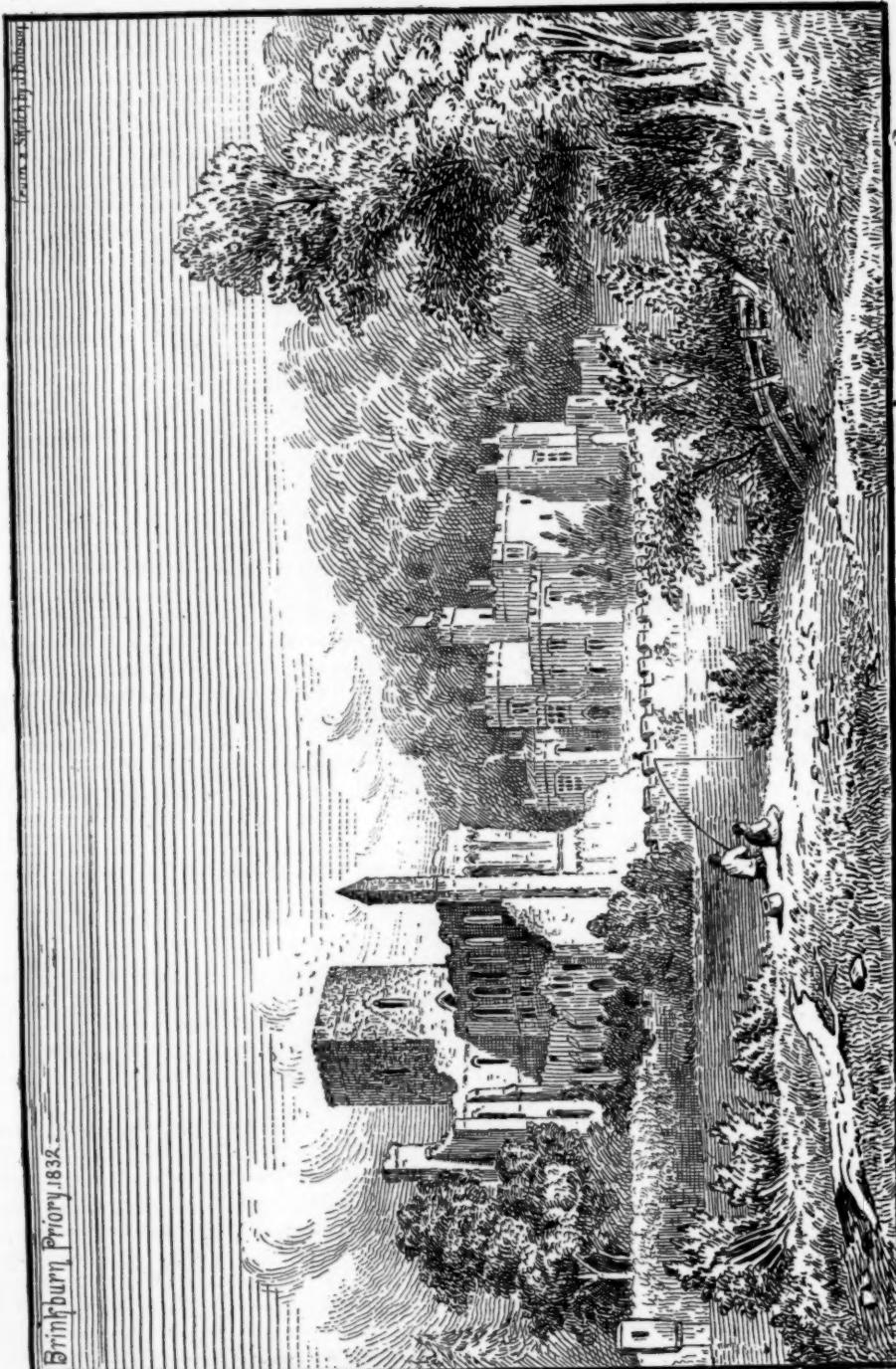
Hidden as the priory is at present, it was even more so in ancient times, a dense forest having overspread the whole neighbourhood, so that not a turret could be seen by the passer-by. There is a tradition that, once upon a time—the date is uncertain—a party of Scottish borderers, laden with the spoils of a successful foray, were on their way home by the Devil's Causeway, which crosses the Coquet a little below the priory. It was the intention of the marauders to make a raid on the monks, who were always understood to be well provided with this world's goods, although they had, of course, taken the usual vow of poverty. They entered the forest in search of the secluded pile; but, being unable to find it, they returned to the road, and so proceeded on their way towards merry Teviotdale. The monks, who had heard of the raiders' approach, naturally felt overjoyed at their discomfiture. So the great bell of the priory was rung to assemble the brethren to offer up thanks for their deliverance. But, unfortunately for the monks, the Scots had proceeded only a short distance from the spot, when the sound of the bell struck their ears, revealing the situation of the pious retreat. The band soon penetrated the thicket, broke into the priory, and put the monks to flight. Every corner of the building was searched, and every valuable taken. The Scots then fired the place, and the flames consumed everything but the solid walls. On the retirement of the incendiaries, the monks hastened from their hiding-places; but they found the destruction so far complete that they had no place left in which to lay their heads. Thus they had to be beholden to their kindly tenants for board and lodging, till such time as the priory could be at least partially restored through the liberality of the faithful. So runs the story.

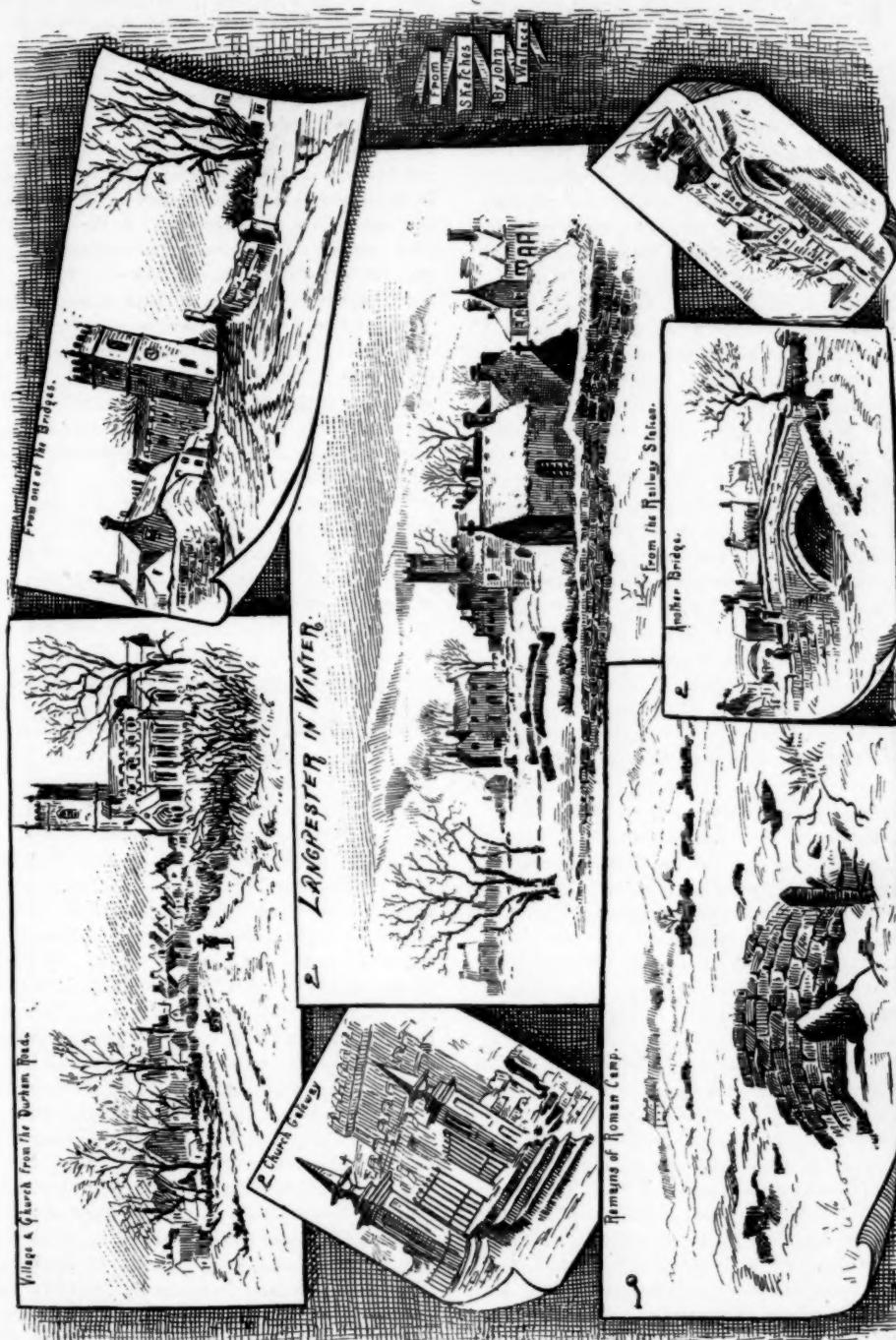
At the time of the suppression of the monasteries in England, Brinkburn Priory was inhabited by ten black canons, or canons regular of the order of St. Augustin; and its annual revenues were then valued at £68 19s 1d. according to Dugdale, and £77 according to Speed. In the fourth year of King Edward VI. it was granted to George, Earl of Warwick, who disposed of it shortly afterwards to George Fenwick, a Commissioner of Enclosures for the Middle Marches. The last male descendant of this gentleman was another George Fenwick, whose daughter and heiress Elizabeth married Roger Fenwick, of Stanton, and one of her descendants, William Fenwick, of Bywell, was its proprietor in 1776, when Hutchinson wrote his "View of Northumberland." Mr. Fenwick sold the Brinkburn estate to a Mr. Hetherington, of London, from whom it descended to his brother, John Hetherington, of Brampton, Cumberland, and afterwards to Major Hodgson, of Moorhouse Hall, in the same county, who sold it to William Grey, of Backworth. In the year

1828 it had become the property of Dixon Dixon, of Unthank Hall, who occasionally resided in the ancient mansion which is shown in our view, standing near the south-west angle of the church. This mansion is said by some to have been built in the time of Queen Elizabeth out of part of the remains of the monastic buildings. Others aver, however, that it is of greater antiquity, having been, they say, perhaps as old as the monastery itself, probably the private residence of the prior, who had, for his convenience, a subterraneous communication between it and the priory. If so, it is possible that the whole cluster of buildings on the river bank suffered in one conflagration at the time of the Border raid, and that this house was rebuilt afterwards from the ruins of the others, even as it is not unlikely that the priory itself was built, at least partly, from the ruins of still more ancient edifices, dating back to the Roman period. The prior's residence, if such it was, was again rapidly falling into ruin, when Mr. Hetherington began a complete repair, which was finished by Major Hodgson Cadogan. It is now the residence of Mr. C. Hodgson Cadogan, J.P.

The Brinkburn bells, tradition says, were sent to Durham after the suppression of the monastery. They are believed to have been possessed of great power combined with sweetness; but they cannot have been of any great size, since we are told they were despatched on their way to their new destination in the charge of some trusty men on horseback, and that they were lost in the attempt to ford the river Font, when in high flood, and only recovered miraculously afterwards through the prayers of certain holy men. But we are afraid there is some anachronism in this tale. Wallis, in his "History of Northumberland," affirms, indeed, that the Brinkburn bells found their way to Durham; James Hardy, a good authority, tells us it is a saying in Coquetdale to this day that they are still to be heard there; while Mr. Wilson, in the fourth volume of the "Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club," states positively that a fragment of one of the lost bells was found some years ago buried at the root of a tree on the opposite side of the river from Brinkburn. How much or how little truth there may be in these contradictory stories we cannot tell.

The view which we have copied from Allom shows the priory as it appeared from the north in 1832. The original sketch was drawn by the late Mr. John Dobson for Mr. Allom, who published his work in 1833. Grose gives a fine copperplate view of the priory, as seen by him in 1776; Hutchinson has a small plate, drawn by Bailey; and there is likewise a view, taken from the opposite side of the river, in Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book." As we have said, the priory was restored some thirty years ago; but lovers of the picturesque will probably prefer its appearance in the ruined state as seen by Mr. Dobson.





## Views of Lanchester.

**L**ANCHESTER is situated about six miles north-west from the city of Durham. The locality abounds in subjects alike interesting to the antiquary and the architect. Great part of the village or town, as well as the present church, is composed of the pagan masonry of a neighbouring Roman station, so that, so far as the materials of construction are concerned, Lanchester may, says Surtees, claim precedence even of Jarrow.

The church of All Saints was first built during the Norman period, but was shortly after destroyed, or nearly so; for the chancel-arch is alleged to be the only portion of it now remaining in its proper position. The columns of the porch, and the arch of a zigzagged doorway now forming the canopy of an ancient monumental effigy of Anstell, Dean of Lanchester, belonged to the Norman building; but the present church is bodily of the Early English style, with additions or insertions of a later date—the side windows being of the Decorated period. A door on the north of the chancel, leading to the vestry, has a sculpture of the Virgin, adored by angels, with the devil prostrate beneath her chair. Till the time of Anthony Bek the church was rectorial, but he, in 1283, erected Lanchester into a collegiate church, consisting of a dean and seven prebendaries. Some of the founder's statutes are remarkable, such as this:—"None of the vicars shall braul or chide in the quier or without, but let them keep silent; not mormoringe, gainsainge, or contendinge with one another; neither yett laughing, gleeing, staring, nor casting vagabonde eyes towards the people remaining in the churche. Let the vicars read and also sing slowde, distinctly, with full voice, and without ever skipping or cutting the wordes, making a good pause in the mydest of every verse, beginninge and endinge altogether, not protractinge nor drawinge the last syllable too longe; not hastily running it over, much less interminglinge any strange, variable, profane, or dishonest speeches."

The Roman station occupies a lofty site half a mile to the west of the village, on a tongue of land formed by the junction of the Browney and the Smallhope Beck. On three sides the ground falls from the camp; on the west only is it commanded by a high moorland hill, whose prospect ranges from the Cheviots to the chain of the Cleveland and Hambledon hills. The station forms a parallelogram of a hundred and eighty-three yards from north to south, and one hundred and forty-three yards from east to west, and includes an area of about eighty acres. The wall or rampart is still in some places almost perfect, and is nowhere totally destroyed. Whatever the depredations the spot may have formerly suffered, it is now preserved with

care. The vallum has been probably nearly twelve feet in height. The outside is perpendicular, built of ashlar work in regular courses, the stones being about nine feet deep and twelve long; the interior is also of ashlar work, formed of thin stones, laid tier above tier, slanting, and covering each other featherwise. The thickness of the vallum at the present surface is eight feet, but diminishes gradually by parallel steps to about four feet at the summit. It has a deep fosse on the west, and on the other sides the advantage of the sloping hill. The angles of the walls appear to have been guarded by round towers, and, like every Roman camp, there have been entrances in the middle of each side. Vestiges of the Praetorium may be still traced over the north gate. The area of the station presents to a common observer a level close of eight acres, enclosed by a moulderling rampart. Watling Street is still visible near Lanchester. The great highway may be traced through Porter's Vale, over the high grounds towards Ebchester, and from thence to the Tyne.

The drawings which accompany this article were made by Mr. John Wallace in the winter of 1886-7. In the centre is a general view of the village from the railway station. Above are two drawings of the church; at the left is a sketch of the church gateway; and below are shown part of the Roman camp, and two of the bridges in the village.

## John Gully, Pugilist and Legislator.



JOHN GULLY was born at Wick, in Gloucestershire, where his parents kept the Crown Inn, on the 21st of August, 1783. When he was still but a little lad, the family removed to Bristol. John was brought up to his father's business, that of a butcher, but the old man died before he was out of his teens. On his attaining his majority, his mother, who had been carrying on a shop in the meantime, got him to relieve her of her charge. The business, however, which in his father's time had been good, had latterly been far from prosperous, owing to bad bargains, bad debts, and miscellaneous losses: so that the young man was under the necessity, in the very first year after starting for himself, to take lodgings in the King's Bench Prison. "Here," says one of his biographers, "he was in a fine open situation, where he found room enough to exert his muscles in the active amusement of rackets." Bristol had long been celebrated, like its rival city Bath, for keen and spirited boxing matches. Gully had been one of the local notabilities in the sport, and this circumstance procured him the "honour," while detained in safe custody for what we believe were rather his father and mother's debts than his own, of a visit from Henry Pearce, "the Game Chicken," at that time champion

boxer of England, and a Bristolian like himself. Gully had a set of Broughtonian mufflers to while away his time with ; and to fill up the chasm in the afternoon's amusement the host and guest must have a "set-to." Good humour prevailed, as it always should ; but Gully did not fail to give the Chicken a few severe hits. In short, he became proud of his success, and immediately took it into his head that it was perhaps not impossible to beat the champion. Mr. Fletcher Reid, of Shepperton, a great patron of the prize-ring, soon got scent of the budding pugilist. "Gully," said he, "shall fight the Chicken." His debts were accordingly discharged by the "Corinthians," or fashionable patrons of the P.R., and he was taken to Virginia Water, about two miles beyond Egham, to be put into training.

Gully was firm and athletic in build. His height was nearly six feet; his weight we do not find stated in the books. In point of muscular development, he hardly seemed framed and fitted for fighting ; but he had an infinite amount of pluck and perfect confidence in himself. Pearce's friends backed the champion for six hundred guineas to four hundred. After some interruptions and disappointments, the fight came off on the 8th of October, 1805, at Hailsham, a small village in Sussex, between Brighton and Lewes. At that time, be it remembered, the brutal pastime was as fashionable as racing or pigeon-shooting is now. The number of spectators was immense, the Downs being covered with equestrians and pedestrians, persons of royal and aristocratic rank being in full force. The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., often referred to witnessing this combat. Gully was seconded by Tom Jones and Dick Whale ; Pearce had Clarke and Joe Ward for his attendants. During the fight, the odds rose from 3 to 1 on the Chicken to 10 to 2, and then fell to 6 to 4. After a contest of one hour and seventeen minutes, during which there were sixty-four rounds, Gully yielded the palm to Pearce. Both combatants were dreadfully battered, being hardly able to see out of either eye. Soon after Gully had given in, Pearce came up to him, shook hands with him, and said—"You are a — good fellow ! I'm hard put to it to stand. You are the only man that ever stood up to me." This was, as Pearce afterwards said in private conversation, the severest battle he ever fought. Gully showed all the tactics of a good general, backed by weight, strength, youth, and resolution. "He must," said the Chicken, in his rough but figurative language, "be a sharp chap, and get up early, as beats John Gully, I can tell you."

When Pearce was impelled by severe bodily illness to abdicate the position of champion, John Gully was regarded by the "fancy" as his legitimate successor. He does not, however, seem to have publicly desired the title, which was nevertheless freely conceded to him. At any rate, he had become a "distinguished favourite." His fame stood so high that upwards of

two years elapsed from the time of his fight with the Chicken before any one had the temerity to call on him to defend his title to the championship. At length he entered the lists with one Gregson, a boxer who had been picked out by his friends in Lancashire as likely to lower the crest of the Bristol butcher. Gregson's size was considerably in his favour, he being nearly six feet two inches high, and of prodigious strength. Moreover, he had signalised himself in several pugilistic affairs. The fight took place on the 14th October, 1807, in a valley called Six Mile Bottom, on the Newmarket Road. A vast number of people thronged from every direction to witness it. Gully was seconded by Tom Cribb, afterwards champion of England, Crossley acting as bottle-holder. Richmond was Gregson's mentor, and Harry Lee his bottle-holder. The odds at first were 6 to 4 in favour of Gully, but rose after the second round to 100 to 20. After the eighth round, the odds changed in favour of Gregson, and after the twenty-third they rose to 8 to 1 in his favour. Subsequently, the betting became even. At length the combatants met like two inebriated men, helpless and almost incapable of holding up their hands either to stop or hit ; and every round finished by both rolling down together. But, in the thirty-sixth round, Gully struck a blow which, although feeble, was sufficiently strong to prevent Gregson rising again to time. The defeated Lancastrian lay for some minutes, incapable of either moving or speaking ; but Gully, even then, elated with victory, leaped for joy. It would have been hard to say which was the more disfigured.

Notwithstanding that Gregson was so severely beaten that he was forced to call in medical aid, he still felt some confidence that in the event of another battle he would prove victorious. His friends gave him all encouragement, and he sent Gully a challenge, which was forwarded to him at Norwich, where he was staying. After some correspondence, "the big fight for the championship," and £250 a-side, was fixed to take place ; and, in spite of very active preventive means taken by the county magistrates, it was fought on May 10, 1808, in Sir John Sebright's Park, in Hertfordshire, about seventeen miles from Ashley Common, the place originally chosen. Almost the whole extent of the park was covered with onlookers. The good people around, when they saw the strangers invading them, fancied the French had landed, and called out the volunteers. Both men fought in silk stockings, without shoes, and with white breeches. Captain Barclay, the celebrated pedestrian, was appointed umpire. Gregson fell like a log at the close of the first round, and the odds were 6 to 4 on Gully. At the sixth round they were 2 to 1. But the combat was not decided till the twenty-eighth round, after which Gregson was too much exhausted to be brought to the mark in time. The

battle lasted one hour and a quarter. Gregson was dreadfully battered and bruised, while Gully was in comparatively good condition. Before putting on his outer clothes he advanced to the ropes and addressed the referee and leading patrons of the ring to the effect that, being now in business in a tavern in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, he was in hopes that he should have enjoyed peace unchallenged; that he had not intended to fight again, nor would he have done so in this instance had he not considered himself bound in honour to accept Gregson's challenge; that he had fought with a partially disabled left arm; and that Gregson surely would not urge him to another combat. Gully then dressed himself, and was taken to town in Lord Barrymore's barouche. The following morning he was facetiously answering questions respecting the fight and serving his numerous customers at the Plough in Carey Street. Mr. James Silk Buckingham, in his autobiography, thus describes his visit to him:—"In him we saw a tall, handsome young man, his head fearfully battered, many cuts in his face, and both eyes recovering from intense blackness, but full of gaiety and spirits at his last triumph; he wore a little white apron before him, and served the visitors with whatever drink they required, while his young wife, an exceedingly pretty woman, though of the St. Giles's style of beauty, assisted in the most smiling and gracious manner."

The following month (June, 1808), Gully and Cribb took a joint benefit at the Tennis Court. Here the former repeated his declaration of retirement from the ring. During his short career as a pugilist, he had earned a niche in the temple of pancreatic fame; for though his battles were not so numerous as those of many other professors have been, they were contested with an amount of science rarely equalled, perhaps never excelled, since Daren and Entellus fought at the funeral games of Anchises, as Virgil tells us.

After a few years passed in the occupation of a London tavern-keeper, in which he earned general respect, Gully was so fortunate in turf speculations, and so well served by sound judgment in racing matters, that he became the purchaser of Hare Park, in Hertfordshire, and afterwards of Ackworth Park, in Yorkshire. Here he associated with the first circles of the country on terms of intimacy and friendship. Naturally acute, observant, intelligent, plastic, kindly, and good-humoured, though having had a very poor education to commence with, he succeeded, according to all accounts, in uniting the easy manners of a well-bred gentleman to the modest deportment which befitted his early associations and pursuits. No man could be more above vain pretence, or less shy at any allusions to his career as a pugilist. It was his habit, on the contrary, to enter freely into many entertaining portions of his history, answering all questions with perfect good nature. He had permanent

lodgings at Newmarket, well and tastily furnished, and dispensed his hospitality to his friends with no sparing hand, "passing the claret and slicing the pines," as the famous sportsman "Sylvanus" writes, "as if he had been foaled at Knowsley or Brethby."

In the course of a few years, Mr. Gully became known throughout the kingdom as a spirited breeder and race-horse proprietor. He began in a small way, but smiling Fortune soon put it in his power to launch forth on a great scale. Appointed principal betting agent and adviser to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., he made a deal of money by betting on commission for various noblemen and gentlemen connected with Newmarket. He was the owner of some of the finest race-horses of the day; and the extreme readiness and good humour with which, at Doncaster, in 1829, he paid losses to the amount of £40,000 upon his celebrated horse Mameluke, raised him high amongst the most honourable members of the turf.

On referring to the *Racing Calendar*, we find that he won the following great races:—

THE DERBY.

1846. With Pyrrhus the First, ridden by S. Day.  
1854. With Andover, ridden by A. Day.

THE OAKS.

1846. With Mendicant, ridden by S. Day.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

1832. With Margrave, ridden by J. Robinson.

NEWMARKET TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

1854. With Hermit, ridden by A. Day.

Thus he won the two great events at Epsom and the Newmarket races in one year. His nett winnings in 1854, in stakes alone, exclusive of any sums for running second or third, we find set down at £10,590. In the same season, Mr. Howard won £17,594; Lord Derby, £14,151; the Duke of Bedford, £7,185; Mr. J. Osborne, £4,306; Lord Chesterfield, £3,640; Messrs. Saxon and Barber, £3,582; Lord Eglinton, £2,720; Lord Wilton, £1,675; Baron Rothschild, £1,540; Lord Lonsdale, £805; Lord Glasgow, £775; Lord Caledon, £367; and the Duke of Rutland, £270. Mr. Gully was also confederate, we have heard, with Mr. Robert Ridsdale, who won the Derby in 1832 with St. Giles, and that of 1839 with Bloomsbury.

Mr. Gully was elected to the first Reformed Parliament in 1832, being returned to the House of Commons as representative of the Earl of Mexborough and Mr. Monckton-Milnes's pocket borough of Pontefract. He took his seat on the Liberal side of the House, and was a warm supporter of Joseph Hume in his life-long war against wasteful public expenditure. His speeches, however, were neither numerous nor brilliant. The most that could be said of him was that, like Tom Sayers on the stage, he acted moderately and sensibly. His letters during this period, however, are said to express in vigorous and excellent language his views of men and measures in those stirring days. Mr. Buckingham, whom we have

already quoted, speaks of him about this time as follows :—

In 1832, or thereabouts, Lord Milton, heir to the Earldom of Fitzwilliam, came of age, and, according to the custom of that princely family, a grand entertainment was given at Wortley House, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire. As I was at that time one of the members for the newly-enfranchised borough of Sheffield, I received an invitation as a matter of course, and went with my colleague to share in the Fitzwilliam hospitalities. The scene was one of the most splendid I had ever witnessed. Among the groups, however, that passed from room to room in the general promenade, there was one that attracted universal attention. It was formed of three persons ; the central one a fine, athletic, yet well-formed and graceful figure, and resting on either arm two of the loveliest women of all the assembled multitude, about 18 or 20 years of age, dressed in pale green velvet, without ornaments of any kind, but with such exquisite figures, beautiful features, blooming complexions, bright eyes, rich and abundant hair, as might make either a worthy representative of the Venus of Cnidus. They were so little known that the question was perpetually whispered, "Who are they?—who can they be?" At length it was discovered that they were Mr. Gully, the ci-devant prize-fighter, and his two daughters ! He was then member for Pontefract, had acquired a large fortune, and most honourably, it was believed, on the turf, being an excellent judge of horses—had purchased a large estate, and was living in a style of great elegance at Ackworth Park, near Pontefract, respected by all his neighbours.

It is said that his return to Parliament arose from a bet that he made with a certain noble lord, the latter laying a wager of several thousands that Mr. Gully could not get a seat in the House of Commons. The wager was accepted, and, of course, won. Mr. Gully occupies a prominent place in Sir George Hayter's historical picture of the meeting of the First Reformed Parliament in 1833.

It is as a spirited colliery owner and venturesome sinker of new pits that we have now to regard him. Unlike his quondam friends, Messrs. Beardsworth and Ridsdale, whose career ended in bankruptcy and ruin, after each had had an unprecedented run of success on the turf, Mr. Gully, with more sedate prudence, gradually withdrew from all directly gambling pursuits, and invested a good portion of his winnings in the coal works of the North, as well as in land. Henceforth his lilac jacket was seldom seen on the race course. Some time after the Hetton Company was formed to work the coal in that now famous Durham royalty, Mr. Gully bought a number of shares in the concern at a comparatively low price. The original speculation was a hazardous one, as previous to that time it was a common opinion among geologists that the quality of the coal under the Permian strata was so deteriorated as not to be worth working. The leading spirits in the concern were Captain Archibald Cochrane, of Eppleton Hall, a younger brother of the celebrated Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dun-donald ; Arthur Mowbray, of Bishopwearmouth, son of the old Mr. Mowbray, banker, whose daughter Lord Cochrane had married ; Mr. Baker, of Elemore ; and subsequently Mr. Nicholas Wood, who went to Hetton to manage the colliery in 1844. "We will see whether we

cannot make Wallsend coals," said Captain Cochrane, and he did so ; for the sanguine speculators by-and-by obtained a higher price in the London market than the original Wallsend brought. We have seen it stated that Mr. Gully got his Hetton shares of which he had a considerable number, as the result of a bet. Whether this be true or not we cannot say, but we know that he retained them for several years, till they had risen to a high premium. He then joined Sir William Chaytor, Mr. Thomas Wood, Mr. John Burrell, and others, and sank the Thornley Collieries. This was about the year 1833. He maintained his connection with the new concern until the pits were sold to a limited liability company. He also held an interest, with Messrs. Wood and Burrell, in the Trimdon Collieries ; but he sold it to Mr. Thomas Wood, having previously bought the Wingate Grange estate and collieries, in the year 1862. These he continued to hold as sole proprietor to the day of his death.

Mr. Gully lived in Hampshire immediately preceding his purchase of Wingate, having some few years before disposed of his fine estate of Ackworth Park, near Pontefract, to his old friend, Mr. Kenny Hill. But he now removed to Cocken Hall, near Durham, where he stayed about a year and a half. Then the infirmities of old age induced him to change his residence to the adjoining Cathedral City, where he died on the 9th of March, 1863, in the 80th year of his age. He was buried at Ackworth Hall, near Pontefract, on the 14th of the same month.

Mr. Gully was twice married, and had in all twenty-four children—twelve by each wife.

## The Streets of Newcastle.

### Pilgrim Street.

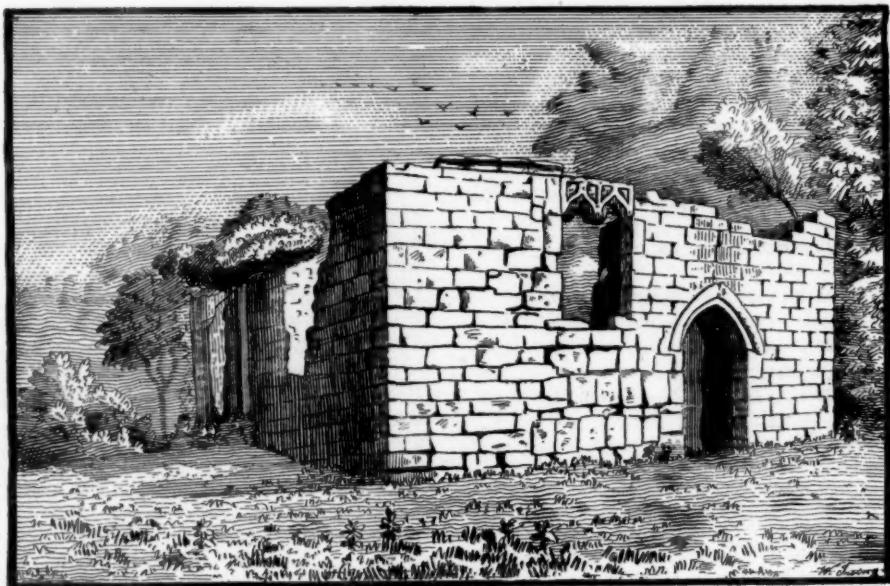
**S**IR, said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street." We propose to our readers a walk up Pilgrim Street. We shall find "much matter" as we journey up the gentle hill, "the longest and fairest street in the town," according to William Gray, whose "Chorographia" was printed in 1649.

This street, still one of the most interesting in the town, derives its name from the pilgrims who lodged in it when on their way from all parts of the kingdom to worship at Our Lady's Chapel at Jesmond. The founders of the chapel are unknown, but we know that it was in existence in 1351, for then we find Sir Alexander de Hilton and Matilda, his wife, presenting the chaplainship to Sir William de Heighington, who shortly after resigned it, believing he had no right or title to it. In Edward VI.'s time, the Corporation obtained possession of the chapel, and forthwith sold it to Sir John Brandling. In olden days, pilgrims trooped to it from all parts of the kingdom. Such pilgrimages were popular in

the early middle ages. For illustration, we may point to the will of William Ecopp, Rector of Heslerton, Yorkshire, who, amongst other things, bequeathed provision for a pilgrim, or pilgrims, to set out immediately after his burial to various shrines, at each of which 4d. was to be offered. The list of places is too long to be quoted in its entirety; but the extent of ground to be covered may be imagined when we find that Canterbury, London, Lincoln, Lancaster, Scarborough, York, "Blessed Mary of Jesmond," Carlisle,

are only at its foot, with the church of All Hallows, or All Saints, on our right.

With curious eyes must successive pilgrims have gazed on the church, which in the thirteenth century looked down on the stately buildings of the Austin (or Augustine) Friars, the burying-place of the Northumbrian kings, and afterwards "the king's manor house." The ancient church first finds mention in 1286. From a painting of it still preserved in the vestry, we can gather an idea of its appearance,



JESMOND CHAPEL.

and Galloway, figure therein. (See Mr. R. Welford's interesting "Newcastle and Gateshead in the 14th and 15th Centuries," vol. i., p. 364.) Bourne gravely tells us that the reason the pilgrims took this road was because there was a house of call ready to respond to their wants. "There was an inn in this street which the pilgrims were wont to call at, which occasioned their constant coming up this street, and so it got its name, as the inn did that of Pilgrim's Inn." Brand fancies that there were more pilgrim's inns than one; for, in 1564, mention is made of the execution of one Partrage for coining false money in "the greate innes in Pilgrim Street." There was, says an old manuscript quoted by Hodgson, a place of sanctuary near the Pilgrim's Inn; and, according to Bale's "Life of Hugh of Newcastle," a famous Franciscan, pilgrims visited also certain relics of St. Francis, preserved in the Grey Friars' Convent near the head of the street. At present, though, we

which, sooth to say, cannot have been imposing. It was low and very broad, 166 feet by 77, and of Decorated English architecture. The tower was high, and out of proportion to the rest of the church. But as it bore the storms of five centuries, and could not even then be loosened without the aid of gunpowder, its strength was unquestionable. No true Novocastrian can regard with indifference the church of All Hallows, for with it are bound up memories of some of Newcastle's greatest names. Roger Thornton, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Lord Eldon, Lord Stowell, the Ravensworths, the Collingwoods, Ellison, Brandling, Clavering, W. Blackett, and other persons and families of note are all associated with this ancient (though now restored) parish church. How is this? The present vicar, the Rev. A. S. Wardroper, in his lecture on "All Saints', the Old and the New," gives the answer. "In their day, merchants and their families

lived where they worked. The wealthy part of the community lived, many of them, in Pilgrim Street. This may be inferred on examining the staircases in Stewart's Court, or the one over the Eldon Room ; the chimney-pieces and oak balustrades in the largest common lodging house ; the quaint work on ceilings of rooms over the Bake House Entry ; besides the crests over doorways and gateposts in Clayton's Court, Painter Heugh, and Akenside Hill, in addition to the armorial bearings on the tombstones in the churchyard." John Wesley generally worshipped in All Hallows when in Newcastle ; and in his journal he records that he found more communicants therein than anywhere else in England, save London and Bristol. The sacramental cup handed to him is the same now in use at All Saints' in the office of Holy Communion. There were seven chantries in All Hallows, adorned with precious stones and other gifts. There were also portraits of benefactors on stained glass. The civil wars swept away all these. In 1780, the old

The new church of All Saints' has been condemned by some as unchurchlike ; even Mackenzie has a fling at it as "certainly a neat, smart, modern structure, but totally devoid of that solemn religious grandeur which distinguishes the ancient Gothic churches." Others agree with Thomas Sopwith—no bad authority—in regarding it as "the most splendid architectural ornament in this town, equally conspicuous for the convenience and novelty of its interior arrangements, as for the variety and splendour of its decorations."

The spire of the church was severely shaken in May, 1884, by a wind-storm which elsewhere left its mark behind it. Divine service was being celebrated in church at the time, which was Sunday morning ; and it is a rather curious fact that a very considerable crowd gathered outside to watch the oscillations of the imperilled spire, which seemed likely to topple down at any moment on the devoted heads of the kneeling worshippers beneath it. The service, however, was carried on to its conclusion in seemly and reverent fashion ; but the very next day the work of restoration was taken in hand in good earnest. The shattered stones were taken down (some of them are preserved in the church ground now, and are no uninteresting objects) ; and in time the spire was restored, stronger than ever. By way of commemorating this work, a stone was placed at the summit, bearing this inscription : "This spire was restored and partly rebuilt, June, 1884. Rev. A. S. Wardroper, vicar ; Collingwood F. Jackson, Peter Carr, Thomas Stamp Alder, Thomas Morgan, churchwardens."

The churchyard has of late years been prettily and becomingly laid out as a flower garden, at the expense of Mr. R. S. Donkin, now member for Tynemouth. Mr. John Hall has also proved himself a generous friend to the church, presenting it with its clock, and also with a pair of lamps. The latter were formally handed over to the churchwardens by Mr.

Joseph Cowen, then member for Newcastle, who delivered an address from the church steps on the occasion, as did also Archdeacon Watkins, who was senior curate at the handsome salary of five shillings a year.

Opposite to the west stairs of the church, Elizabeth Nykson, widow, founded an almshouse about the beginning of the sixteenth century, for the use of the poor of the parish, "on condition of an annual dirge and soul mass being performed in that church." Four women, who lived in it, were allowed 20s. a year for coals. In Bourne's time (the beginning of the eighteenth century), the poor inmates had eight chaldrons of coal and 12s. a year ; but the house was then "going fast to ruin."

We now pass Silver Street on our right, leaving it and



ALL HALLOWS CHURCH.

building became shaky ; in 1785, its south pillars gave way ; in July, 1786, service was celebrated in it for the last time. A new church was resolved upon, and David Stephenson was chosen as architect. The body of the new building was opened in 1789, but the spire was not finished until 1796.

A foolhardy feat signalled the completion of the spire. One John Burdikin, a private in the Cheshire Militia, stood on his head on the round stone at the top of the steeple, and remained in that inverted position for some time, 195 feet above the ground. The man was afterwards a barber in Gateshead. His son, a bricklayer, did the same thing in 1816, when some repairs were in hand. Truly, they did not "set their lives upon a pin's fee."

all the other offshoots of our main road alone for the present, and opposite Painter Heugh are face to face with the fine old house with which Lord Eldon's name is still associated. John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, intended occupying this house, as he at one time expected to be Recorder of Newcastle. Things becoming brighter for him in London, he gave up the idea, and turned over the house to his brother Henry. It must then have been a mansion, indeed; for even in its decadence there are remnants of its ancient beauty.

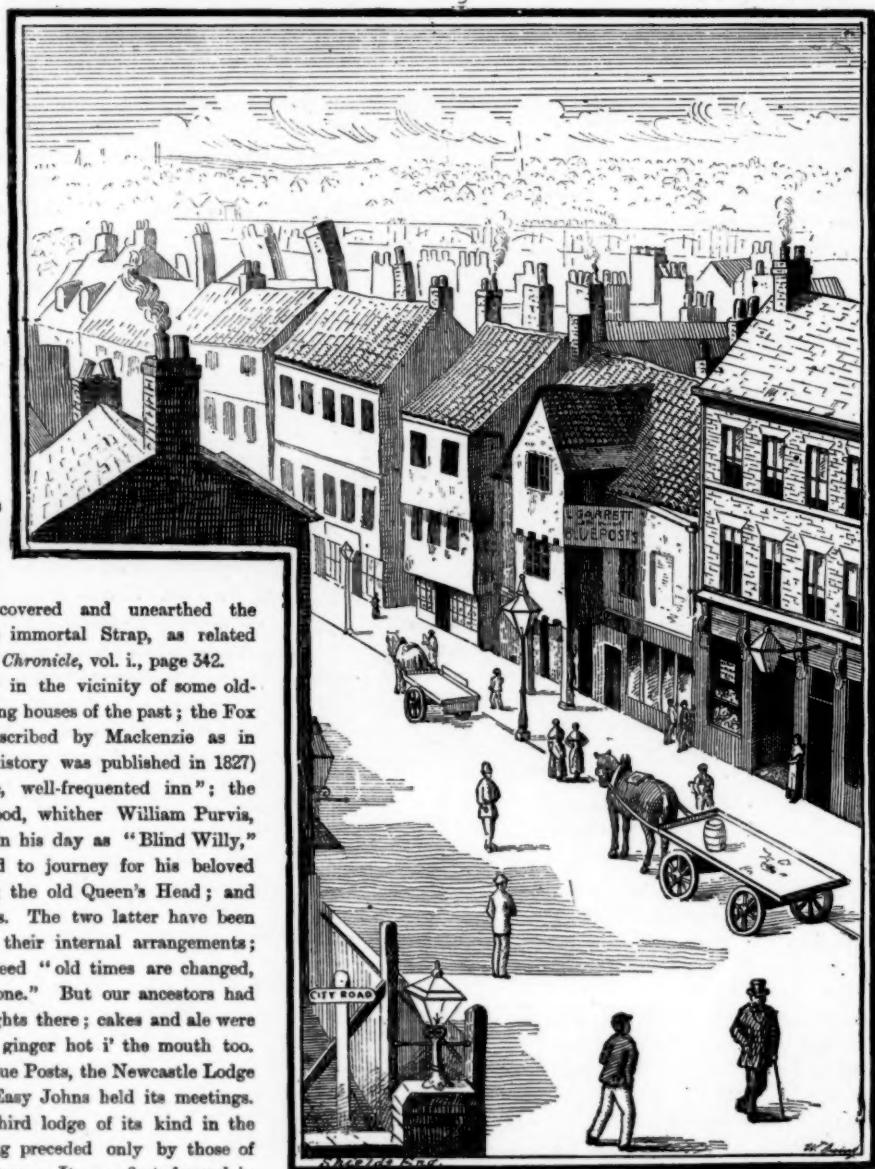
Note on our left hand that quaint little barber's shop with its projecting pole. Well, that is, as the notice in the window proclaims, "ye olde shav'ng shop in ye citye." But it has an interest independent of this fact, for here it was that Tobias

Smollett discovered and unearthed the original of his immortal *Strap*, as related in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 342.

We are now in the vicinity of some old-fashioned posting houses of the past; the Fox and Lamb, described by Mackenzie as in his day (his history was published in 1827) "a respectable, well-frequented inn"; the old Robin Hood, whither William Purvis, better known in his day as "Blind Willy," was accustomed to journey for his beloved "bonny beer"; the old Queen's Head; and the Blue Posts. The two latter have been modernised in their internal arrangements; with them indeed "old times are changed, old manners gone." But our ancestors had their jovial nights there; cakes and ale were plentiful, and ginger hot i' the mouth too. Thus, at the Blue Posts, the Newcastle Lodge of Free and Easy Johns held its meetings. It was the third lodge of its kind in the kingdom, being preceded only by those of London and Dover. It was first formed in 1778, and could soon boast of more than a

thousand members. The association was formed merely for convivial purposes; but there was a ceremony of initiation, a grip, a pass-word, and so forth. In August, 1784, Charles Brandling, then one of the members for the borough, presented the lodge with a large silver goblet, on which his arms were engraved, with a suitable inscription.

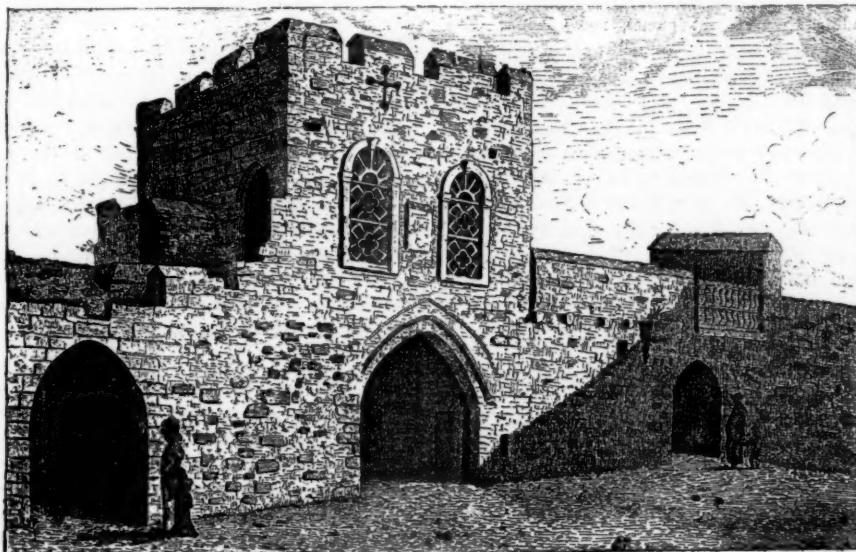
We now pass the new City Road, Mosley Street,



PILGR'M STREET.

and the Arcade—the latter associated with the grim tragedy of 1830, for which Archibald Bolam received transportation for life, being found guilty of the man-slaughter of the bank-clerk, Millie, under circumstances which excited profound attention at the time, and suggested the gravest doubts as to the moral character of the murderer; for so he was generally regarded. And next we come to Pilgrim Street with its clean face on; its rags and tatters we have now pretty well turned our backs on. On our left hand is the George Inn—in Mackenzie's time, "a travellers' house, and often used for bankrupt meetings." A little above is the Queen's Head Inn, at one time the chief posting-house in the town, now the Liberal Club. Riders and out-riders, in their showy dresses, have often rested

Mayor of Bordeaux, who was the first to hoist the White Flag in France, arrived here on his way to visit his relative, John Clavering of Callaly. "The populace," again says Mackenzie just quoted above, "assembled before the Queen's Head, and congratulated this Bonapartist with repeated huzzas on the defeat of Bonaparte at Waterloo." Two years later, in October, 1817, a gathering of a different character took place, John George Lambton in the chair, when a superb service of plate was presented to Sir Humphrey Davy, "for his invaluable discovery of the safety lamp," by "a numerous company of gentlemen connected with the coal trade." This meeting, let us remark in passing, did not pass without its counteracting gathering; for, in January, 1818, "a respectable party of gentlemen dined at the



PILGRIM STREET GATE.

carriages of four and sometimes of six horses here; royalty has feasted herein, and men of mark in the scientific world have here assembled to do honour to kindred worth. Thus in August, 1819, Prince Leopold and his suite arrived here, and in the evening visited the Northumberland Glass House. On the next day, which chanced to be the Assize Sunday, he attended divine service at St. Nicholas' Church, accompanied by Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell), after which he partook of a collation at the Mansion House, and then set off for Alnwick Castle, to dine with the Duke of Northumberland. "The public," we are told, "showed him much respect, and he was saluted by the guns of the Castle." In 1815, there was another royalist demonstration of its kind in front of this same inn. In the June of that year, Count Lynch,

Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, C. J. Brandling, Esq., in the chair, on the occasion of presenting a piece of plate to Mr. George Stephenson, for the service rendered to science and humanity by the invention of his safety-lamp."

Nearly opposite the Queen's Head is the Friends' Meeting House, a neat, plain, substantial building, bearing on its frontage the date 1698, and presenting a clean and comfortable appearance worthy of "the people of God called Quakers," as they are designated in a Durham Quarter Sessions document issued in 1689. The passer-by, though, must not suppose that the present building is identical with that of 1698. Not so; that was pulled down in 1805, and the present one built. It was considerably enlarged in 1812.

Further up the street, on the same side as the Friends'

Meeting House, are the offices of the Board of Guardians, once the town house of the Peareths of Urpeth.

We come next to the New Police Court. At the head of the steps from the principal door is a very fine stained glass window of Justice, blind, and scales in hand. On the left hand, on entering from Pilgrim Street, is the Chief-Constable's private office ; behind is the office for the detective department, containing some curious illustrations of the tools of those with whom the detectives are at chronic war ; and then the office proper, where unfortunates in the hands of the law are "run in," and forthwith duly charged and caged. Away from this room are the cells, where persons apprehended may be temporarily lodged for the night. In the upper part of the building are resting rooms for the policemen, where they may read the newspapers, indulge in innocent games, and practise the latest breaks and cannons in the noble art of billiards. The sculptured figures on the exterior of the building were executed in Edinburgh.

On the same side as the Police Court is the Conservative Club, previously the residence of Mr. George Hare Philipson (who died there), father of Mr. John Philipson, the head of the well-known coachbuilding firm of Atkinson and Philipson, and of Dr. G. H. Philipson, the eminent physician. The house, a comfortable and substantial one, was originally built by Dr. Askew, who practised in his profession for nearly fifty years in Newcastle with the greatest approbation and success.

By the side of the Conservative Club is the entrance to the celebrated works of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson, a striking evidence in their way of Newcastle skill, energy, and enterprise. The Atkinsons of the firm have long been dead. Mr. John Philipson is now the sole proprietor. The concern was founded in 1794. Mr. Philipson takes a generous and enthusiastic interest in his business ; but it would convey a wrong impression of him altogether to suppose that he has no interest in anything else. On the contrary, long before the City and London Guilds and Gresham College took the subject up, technical education was made a great feature in these works. Hence the establishment has aptly been described as a training school for coachbuilders. A volume on "Harness as It has Been, as It Is, and as It Should Be," is from Mr. Philipson's pen. It met with a very favourable reception when first published. In it war is declared, root and branch, against the bearing rein, as an instrument of torture for that noble but often ill-used animal, the horse.

Nearly opposite to the present Conservative Club stood the once celebrated Anderson Place. The building was erected almost on the site of the Franciscan Priory. The Franciscans were divided into two parties — the Conventuals and the Observants. Our Newcastle

Franciscans were of the latter persuasion. According to Leland, their house stood by Pandon Gate ; "it is a very faire thing." Mackenzie maintains that this is an obvious mistake, for this reason :—"The site of this monastery must have been somewhere in Major Anderson's grounds, adjoining the High Friar Chare, which must have conducted to it. The Milburn MS. says it stood near Pilgrim Street Gata." He goes on to point out that Brand found, built up in the wall of a house adjoining this site, the fragments of a gravestone, with a sword marked on it. Now, this house stood in Pilgrim Street, at the corner of High Friar Lane. This, then, seems to settle the Observant site pretty clearly. Besides that, we have the testimony of an old Pilgrim Street standard. On, or nearly upon, it was a brave mansion built by Robert Anderson, merchant, in 1580. In 1610 it was called the Newe House. Somewhat later it became the headquarters of General Leven during the captivity of Charles I. in Newcastle. There is a popular tradition that the king attempted to escape from this house by the passage of the Lort Burn, a stream which then ran down on the east side of the Sandhill, and that he managed to get as far as the middle of the Side, when he was caught in an attempt to force an iron gate communicating with the sewer. A ship was said to have been in readiness to transport him beyond sea. William Murray projected the scheme, and communicated it to Sir Robert Murray. Somehow the secret became known ; and thereafter the king was guarded by soldiers within and without his chamber, who annoyed him much by their continual smoking. He shared his royal father's antipathies in that respect. The house passed in 1815 to Sir William Blackett, of Matfen, from Sir Francis Anderson. In 1785 it was sold to George Anderson, a wealthy architect, and thence it passed to Major Anderson. A princely house was this Anderson Place, according to Gray ; whilst Bourne dilates on its walks and grass plots, its images and trees, its shady avenues and curious and well-painted ceilings. (For a view of Anderson Place, see the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 337.)

But now we approach the goal of our sauntering ; for here before us, at the head of the street, stood the once formidable Pilgrim Gate, "remarkably strong, clumsy, and gloomy." In the troublous times of old, it was, doubtless, a valuable means of defence when hostile foes threatened the beleaguered town. But when more peaceful days followed, when the mail-clad soldier no longer clanked through the now peaceful street, it by degrees dawned on the inhabitants that this once valued defence had degenerated into naught better than a public nuisance. Such ideas, however, do not take root in a day or a year. It was felt that the arch was so low as to obstruct the passage of waggons, and that it interfered

with the free circulation of the air in the town. But the day of its doom was still distant, even when these opinions more and more made way. The Joiners' Company had their hall above the gate; wherefore it behoved its worshipful members in 1716 to repair and beautify it, and the old relic of former days obtained respite. In 1771 another attempt was made to reconcile its preservation with the demands of the time; convenient foot-passages were opened out on each side. But these expedients did not answer their purpose, and in 1802 the whole gate was levelled to the ground. A cannon-ball was found in the wall on the occasion of the demolition. It was supposed to have been fired during the siege of Newcastle in 1644, when the gate was nobly defended.

Our sketch of Pilgrim Street Gate (page 81) is taken from the engraving which appeared in the first volume of Brand's "History of Newcastle."

## Murder of Nicholas Fairles.

### The Last Gibbet in England.

 ONE day in the month of September, 1856, what was stated to be the last gibbet erected in England was demolished by the workmen who were employed in constructing Tyne Dock for the North-Eastern Railway Company, upon Jarrow Slake, near the high end of South Shields.

The person who was gibbeted on Jarrow Slake was one William Jobling, a pitman, thirty years of age, who had been convicted at the Durham Midsummer Assizes in 1832 of being concerned with another pitman, named James Armstrong, in the murder of Mr. Nicholas Fairles, a well-known magistrate of South Shields, on the 11th June in that year. Armstrong absconded immediately after the deed was done, and was never heard of again, though it was shrewdly suspected that many of his fellow-workmen knew quite well where he was.

The murder of Mr. Fairles arose out of the pitmen's strike of 1832, which lasted for several months, and bred very bitter feelings between masters and men. Many hundreds of families were turned out of their cottages, and forced to camp in the lanes and by the road sides for months. The collieries had to be protected by military and special constables, notwithstanding which outrages upon non-union men took place almost every night. At one of the great meetings of the strikers, held in the spring, the Marquis of Londonderry attended on horseback, with the view of inducing them to return to work. He took the precaution, however, to have a company of soldiers placed in ambush in a neighbouring hollow—a measure which the pitmen deemed an indirect but real insult. And so determined were the unionists that the

man who held the head of the marquis's horse while his lordship was addressing the meeting had a loaded pistol concealed up his sleeve for the purpose of blowing out his brains in case he should call out the soldiers. Fortunately, the marquis thought better of it than to require this perilous aid, and so he was allowed to ride off the field unharmed. But all were not so lucky as Lord Londonderry; for, during the continuance of the strike, no less than three murders were committed by the pitmen, and poor old Mr. Fairles, who had made himself obnoxious through his zeal, as a county magistrate, in endeavouring to maintain the law, fell a victim to the enmity of the miners.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of the day above named, as Mr. Fairles was quietly riding round Jarrow Slake from his own house at Shields to Jarrow Colliery, he was accosted by two pitmen, under pretence of asking charity. One of them took hold of his hand, the other seized him by the leg and dragged him off his horse. Then one of them gave him a violent blow on the head with a brick, which completely stunned him. Not content with this, the ruffians felled, kicked, and beat him so unmercifully that they left him on the road in an almost lifeless state. The affair having been observed from a house that stood only a short distance away, assistance was immediately sent to Mr. Fairles; but from the dreadful nature of the wounds he had received, particularly on his skull, he expired, after lying ten days, on the 21st June. Jobling was arrested on the evening of the outrage, on Shields Sands, where he made a desperate resistance to his capture. But Armstrong, as we have said, was never caught. The following advertisement, signed by Lord Melbourne, was issued from Whitehall on June 16:—

#### FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

Whereas it hath been humbly represented to the King, that, on the evening of Monday, the 11th day of June instant, between the hours of five and six, a most daring and brutal assault was committed by two men on the person of Nicholas Fairles, Esq., a Magistrate for the County of Durham, on the King's Highway, near to the Toll Bar, on the Slake side, in the Township of Westoe, in the said County, whilst he was riding on a Pony, from the Barnes Colliery towards Jarrow Colliery, in discharge of his Magisterial Duties, and that the Injuries which he has received have placed his Life in serious danger:

His Majesty, for the better apprehending and bringing to Justice the Persons concerned in the Felony before mentioned, is hereby pleased to promise His most Gracious Pardon to any one of them (except the Persons who actually committed the said Assault) who shall discover his Accomplice or Accomplices therein, so that he, she, or they may be apprehended and convicted thereof.

And, as a further Encouragement, a Reward of THREE HUNDRED POUNDS is hereby offered to any Person (except as aforesaid) who shall discover the Offender or Offenders, so that he, she, or they may be apprehended and convicted of the said Offence, such Reward to be paid by the Right Honourable the Lord Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury.

And whereas Ralph Armstrong, a well-known Pitman, late in the employment of Jarrow Colliery, stands charged (together with another Person named William

Jobling, now committed for trial at the ensuing Assizes for this County) for having committed the said Assault : A further Reward of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS is hereby offered for the Apprehension of the said Ralph Armstrong, which Reward will be paid by the Vestry of St. Hilda's Church, South Shields, on such Apprehension and Commitment.

The said Ralph Armstrong is about 44 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches high, stout made, dark Complexion, blue Eyes, large Mouth, large turned-up Nose, and brown Hair.

MELBOURNE.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body of Mr. Fairles, at Mr. Oyston's inn, South Shields, and after a patient investigation, in which Dr. Winterbottom, of Westoe, Dr. Brown, of Sunderland, and Messrs. W. K. and J. Eddowes, surgeons, of South Shields, were examined, together with several persons who had witnessed the furious assault, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Jobling and Armstrong.

It having been announced by a mourning placard that the funeral of Mr. Fairles would take place on Wednesday, the 27th of June, all the principal inhabitants of South Shields and the neighbourhood expressed their wish to take part in the procession. On the morning of the appointed day, the flag on the steepie of St. Hilda's Church and the flags of the several ships in the harbour were hoisted half-mast high, and most of the shops in the town were closed. The Mayor of Newcastle (Archibald Reed, Esq.), accompanied by Mr. Surtees, the Sheriff, and Mr. Alderman Sorsbie, the Chairman of the County Durham Quarter Sessions; the Rev. Thomas Baker, Rector of Whitburn; the Rev. John Collinson, Rector of Gateshead; the Rev. Nathaniel John Hollingsworth, Rector of Boldon; Bryan Abbs and William Loraine, Esqs., magistrates; James Edgcome, Esq., Collector of the Customs at Newcastle; together with the churchwardens, vestrymen, and a large number of respectable householders, joined the family of the deceased in following his remains to the grave. The pall was borne by the Rev. Robert Green, of Newcastle; Lieutenant-Colonel Craster; Cuthbert Young, Jeremiah Archer, Christopher Bainbridge, John Straker, Henry Major, and John Hedley, Esqs. The funeral service was performed in a very impressive manner by the Rev. James Carr, Perpetual Curate of South Shields, and several members of the Choral Society assisted. The coffin was made out of a tree, cut down for the purpose, which had been planted when Mr. Fairles came of age. It bore the following unostentatious inscription:—"Nicholas Fairles, died 21 June, 1832, aged 71 years."

William Jobling, having been duly tried and found guilty of the murder, was sentenced to be hanged at Durham on Friday, the 3rd of August, his body to be afterwards hung in chains near the scene of the murder. This was in accordance with a statute which had lately been enacted, reviving the old law that condemned a murderer to the gibbet. Jobling was the only person, we believe, gibbeted under that Act, which was soon afterwards repealed. Subsequent to his condemna-

tion, he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, though he denied having been the principal in the fatal transaction which led to his ignominious death. His step was firm as he mounted the scaffold; but his power of articulation failed him, and he was in consequence unable to address the spectators, as he had stated it to be his intention to do. Jobling could neither read nor write; but he had got a friend to transcribe some scraps from books which had been read to him in the gaol, and these he wished to scatter among the crowd. This, however, he was dissuaded from doing. Just as the fatal bolt was about to be withdrawn somebody near the scaffold cried out, "Farewell, Jobling!" and he instantly turned his face in the direction whence the voice proceeded. The action displaced the cord, and consequently protracted his sufferings, which continued for some minutes. After hanging an hour, the body was cut down and conveyed into the gaol, where it remained until the gibbet was ready. It was a very wet day, consequently the crowd was not so numerous as had been anticipated. Fifty of the 8th Hussars mounted, and fifty of the 15th Regiment of Foot, were drawn up in front of the drop, where they remained until the body was cut down. A portion of these regiments had marched from Newcastle to Durham for the purpose, as well as to escort the body to Jarrow Slake. The clothes were taken off the corpse, which was then covered with pitch, and the clothes replaced.

On Monday morning, August the 6th, at seven o'clock, the body was taken from Durham in a small four-wheeled waggon, drawn by two horses, escorted by a troop of hussars and two companies of infantry, Mr. T. Griffith, the under-sheriff; Mr. Frusherd, the gaoler; officers of the gaol, bailiffs, &c. The procession proceeded by way of Chester-le-Street, Picktree, over the Black Fell to White Mare Pool, and thence by the South Shields turnpike road to Jarrow Slake, where it arrived at half-past one o'clock. The spectators were not numerous, and there were but few pitmen amongst them, on account, it was supposed, of a meeting the men were holding that day on Boldon Fell. On the arrival of the cavalcade at the Slake, it was joined by Messrs. Bryan Abbs and William Loraine, magistrates for the county. The soldiers were then drawn up, and formed two sides of a square, the cavalry on the right and the infantry on the left. The body was cased in flat bars of iron of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in breadth. The feet were placed in stirrups, from which a bar of iron went up each side of the head, and ended in a ring by which the corpse was suspended. A bar from the collar went down the breast, and another down the back. There were also bars on the inside of the legs which communicated with the above, and cross bars at the ankles, the knees, the thighs, the bowels, the breast, and the shoulders. The hands were hung by the sides, and covered with pitch. The face was pitched and covered with a piece of white cloth. Being then laid on a hand-

barrow, the body was conveyed at low water across the sludge to the gibbet, which was fixed nearly opposite the spot where the murder was committed, and about a hundred yards within the Slake from high water mark. The gibbet, which was fixed in a stone  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons weight sunk in the mud, was formed of a square piece of fir timber, twenty-one feet long, and a top piece projecting about three feet, with strong bars of iron up each side, to prevent its being sawn down. At high water the tide covered the gibbet about four or five feet, leaving sixteen or seventeen feet visible. The body having been hoisted up and secured, a police guard was placed near the spot, and remained there for some time.

But during a very dark night, between the 31st of August and the 1st of September, and therefore little more than three weeks after the gibbeting, Jobling's body was secretly removed by some persons unknown. It was well understood, however, that the removal was effected by a small party of the unfortunate man's brother pitmen from Jarrow or St. Hilda's. What became of the body was never really known, though the impression at the time was that it was either taken out to sea or buried under the walls of the old monastery at Jarrow.

The gibbet on Jarrow Slake was not the last that remained after 1856 to disfigure the land. An account of another gibbet, known as Winter's Stob, part of which is still standing on Rimside Moor, was given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 186. But the gibbet on Jarrow Slake was the last thing of the kind erected in England.

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## The Tradition of Too Much Salmon.

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 STORY of the latter end of the eighteenth century, bearing the title of "The Thing which Hath been Shall be," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1875. Turning over its leaves, we came to a passage inviting us to an echo of the author's words, "The thing which hath been shall be." Here, on the other side of the Atlantic, was the tradition that for generations has been associated with Newcastle-upon-Tyne. "Salmon in those days," we read in this New England story, "were far more plentiful than shad now; and I have heard that farm servants, hired for the season, made it a clause in their agreements that they should not be fed on that unctuous fish more than four days in a week!"

Two days in a week, if we rightly remember, is the traditional limitation of the Newcastle apprentice; though the lads of other rivers may have submitted to

one or two days more. Doubtless various lines were drawn by the juveniles of our country: for the stand against too much salmon is not peculiar to the Tyne. The Fishery Commissioners, who went to and fro in the island, some years ago, prosecuting their inquiries, met with the salmon story everywhere, but the indentures nowhere. And so with ourselves. We have heard and read of the Newcastle apprentices times without number, but never once have we been able to catch sight of a copy of the contract, or to meet with any fortunate antiquary who had.

"Too much of a good thing," is a proverb that may apply to salmon as to other delicacies; but the royal fish has ever been in great and general request in our own as in other districts. The priory of Finchale had its salmon fishery in the days of *Cœur de Lion*; and that thorn in the side of the monks, Philip de Pictavia, broke down the weir. In subsequent episcopates salmon flourished in the stream as of yore, and were eagerly caught and gladly consumed. At the great Whitsuntide festival of 1347, in the cathedral city, the banquet on the board comprised twelve fresh and thirty salted salmon, the cost of the former being 5s. 6d., and of the latter 7s. 6d. Upwards of 50 dozen were bought of the prior of Finchale in 1531; and in little more than six weeks of 1532, 175 salmon were cooked in the convent kitchen. Durham was a good customer of the fisheries of the Wear and other rivers. Salmon, fresh and salted, were consumed in great numbers; and various other kinds of fish besides. Here, we suspect, is to be found the clue to the resistance of unlimited salmon. When fish entered in larger proportions than at present into the diet of the people, and society was much more dependent on cured or salted food, it is probable enough that apprentices and others strove for protection, by hard and fast lines, against too many returns, not of the "unctuous fish," but of the salted commodity; the cured captives, perchance, not being always kippered salmon, but often the dry "stock fish," so common on the tables of our forefathers.

Very plentiful were salmon in our northern rivers in the olden time. Scanty was then the population as compared with modern numbers; roads were bad; steamships and steam-coaches had not come; and great "takings," and small, must chiefly be consumed in the district. Even in modern times catches have been abundant. Over 2,400 were taken in one of the days of 1755 above Tyne Bridge. In 1760, when a salmon was caught in the Tyne weighing 54lbs., shoals were secured so vast that the price fell to three farthings a pound. The number exposed for sale in Newcastle market on a summer's day of 1777, exceeded 4,000; and two or three years earlier (in 1768), the largest salmon of the Tyne on record was made prisoner, weighing 57lbs. In the present century there have been hauls as great as in former times. In the year when steam traffic first began on the Tyne, Berwick market had 10,000 salmon for sale on a day in

August; and, now that the paddle and the screw circumnavigate the globe, and the iron horse has a highway between the Atlantic and Pacific shores, our waters still retain their fulness. But there is no longer any chance of a salmon on the Sandhill at three farthings a pound. Customers are vastly more numerous; captives, as they leave the net, are whisked away by steam; and the youths of Newcastle are no longer in peril of a surfeit of salmon.

We have returned to the ancient tradition of the Tyne, prompted by the reminiscences of the American writer, who makes us aware that the good Old English story has a footing in New England. "The thing that hath been shall be." Probable enough it is, as we are now disposed to think, that another legend of the Old Country, which sets our sires a-making of their wills before starting on a journey, may also have crossed the seas. It is a Tale of of our Grandfathers; as it was also a tale of theirs. It is a story of the far past, never told of the near present. It recedes as you pursue it, and cannot be run down. You hear it related of the old coaching days. In the time of the stage coaches, it retreats to the period of the bridle roads; and so back it goes, as elusive as the salmon proviso of the apprentices' indentures. You track it into the eighteenth century, and chase it with your handful of salt into the seventeenth; and still the tale retires. Pepys heard of it with surprise in the reign of Charles II. It was told to him in the pleasant May time of 1669. He had been annoyed in the early morning by a freak of Mrs. P., who was off at day-dawn in her coach with the maid, "to gather May dew." But he dined in the afternoon with Lord Crewe, and was happy. There was "a stranger, a country gentleman," at table, with whom he got into conversation; and he learnt from him "what he had heard his father say, that in his time it was so rare for a country gentleman to come to London, that when he did come he used to make his will before he set out."

So, we see, the custom belonged to older days than those of the Restoration; and if we ascend to the time of Charles I., we find Sir John Oglander lamenting, about the year 1647, over the changes which had come over his beloved Isle of Wight since he was young, when people were so little given to going from home that "men made their wills when they went to London, thinking it like an East Indian voyage." Thus do we reach the reign of James or Elizabeth, and need not despair of becoming within hearing of some remoter sigh over departed days, wafting us to our travelling ancestors and their wills still higher up the stream of history.

"The thing that hath been shall be." The myths and the marvels of the morning time, the good old stories and legends, the tales of our grandfathers and of theirs, shall for ever be a human heritage.

JAMES CLEPHAN.

## Hylton and the Hyltons.



LESS than a hundred yards from the old turnpike road from Monkwearmouth to Gateshead stands Hylton Castle, for more than six centuries the home of one of the oldest, richest, most powerful, and best allied families in the county of Durham. The Hyltons had a fabulous genealogy, extending back to the times of Athelstan, and a genuine pedigree which commenced in the reign of Henry II. The origin of the family is unknown. There is, however, a legend that, whilst the Saxon lord of Hylton was far away in Eastern lands making love to a Syrian maid, his daughter, left

In her gloomy hall by the woodland wild,  
was wooed and won by a Danish knight, who first came  
to her in the disguise of a raven. Fair Edith, "in  
her saddest mood," had climbed to the battlements of  
her ancestral home—

A gentle breath comes from the vale,  
A sound of life is on the gale;  
And see—a raven on the wing  
Circling around in airy ring,  
Hovering about in doubtful flight—  
Where, where will the carrier of Odin alight?

The raven has lit on the flagstaff high  
That tops the dungeon tower,  
And he has caught fair Edith's eye,  
And gently, coyly, venturing nigh,  
He flutters round her bower.  
For he trusted the soft and maiden grace  
That shone in that sweet young Saxon face;  
And now he has perched on her willow wand,  
And tries to smooth his raven note,  
And sleeks his glossy raven coat,  
To court the maiden's hand.  
And now, caressing and caressed,  
The raven is lodged in Edith's breast.  
Tis innocence and youth that makes  
In Edith's fancy such mistakes;  
But that maiden kiss hath holy power,  
O'er planet and sigillary hour!  
The elvish spell hath lost its charms,  
And the Danish knight is in Edith's arms:  
And Harold, at his bride's request,  
His barbarous gods foreswore—  
Freya, and Woden, and Balder, and Thor.  
And Jarrow, with tapers burning bright,  
Hailed her gallant proselyte.

The story is pretty, and may have led the last baron of Hylton to adopt the raven as his badge, and with gigantic representations in wood of Odin's messenger to mantle the east and west doors of his mansion. In history, however, we first meet with the Hyltons in the year 1157, when Romanus, "the Knight of Heltun," agreed with the prior and convent of St. Cuthbert, at Durham, that he and his heirs might have a priest appointed to his chapel at Hylton. The ruined chapel, a few yards north of the castle, can scarcely have any portion which is older than the present castle itself, of the date and builder whereof I shall speak presently, unless it be a few courses of masonry in the east wall of the chancel, which have certainly a Norman look about them, and may well

be believed to have been raised at the will of that ancient knight, Romanus.

One William de Hylton, almost certainly the grandson of Romanus, about 1198 married one Beneta, daughter and heiress of Germanus Tison, the great-grandson of Gilbert Tison, who is described as the great standard-bearer to William the Conqueror.

William's son and heir, Alexander, was one of a number of English nobles, who in 1241, "took leave of their friends, and, commending themselves to the prayers of religious men, set out in great pomp on their way towards Jerusalem." From this expedition, there is every reason to believe, Alexander de Hylton never returned.

In 1264, Robert de Hylton was one of the knights of the county of Durham who were present at the battle of Lewes. He took part with the barons against the king, and with the rest of the insurgents forfeited his estates. They were all, however, permitted to redeem their confiscated property. His son, also Robert, was summoned to the Parliaments of 1295, 1296, and 1297.

The present castle was built either by William de Hylton, who died in 1435, or by his son Robert, who died in 1447. It is first mentioned in the inquisition taken after the death of the latter, and is therein spoken of as "a house, built of stone, called the yatehous."

In the account rolls of the masters of the cell of Monkwearmouth we have frequent notices of gifts bequeathed to that church as "mortuaries" by the barons of Hylton. The mortuary banner, standard, and coat armour of Baron William Hylton, who died in 1505 or 1506, were removed a few years later from Wearmouth to grace the walls of the Cathedral of Durham. Here they remained until July, 1513, when they were lent by the prior to the then baron, another William, who, in the following October, fought in his sire's armour, and beneath his sire's banner, on the field of Flodden.

This latter William's son, Sir Thomas Hylton, joined in the famed Pilgrimage of Grace in 1536. In the reign of Philip and Mary he was Governor of Tynemouth Castle. In 1558, a complaint was made against him that he had illegally detained a vessel from Flanders laden with salt, and that he was in the habit of taking such wares out of ships passing Tynemouth on their way to Newcastle as he was wishful to possess or dispose of to his own advantage.

Sir Thomas Hylton died in 1561, and was succeeded in the Hylton estates by his brother William. Sir Thomas had patronised a certain Dr. Bulleyn, an eminent physician of that day. Whilst Bulleyn was in London, Sir Thomas died, and his brother accused the doctor of having poisoned him. Bulleyn was arraigned before the Duke of Norfolk, but was honourably acquitted.

The misanthrope of the family, however, was one Henry Hylton, who died in 1641. By his will he

left the whole of his paternal estate for ninety-nine years to the Lord Mayor and four senior aldermen of London, in trust, that they should pay thereout £24 per annum to each of 38 parishes, £28 a year to the Mayor of Durham, £50 a year to the Vicar of Monkwearmouth, an annuity of £100 to his brother Robert Hylton, and £50 a year to his brother John. The residue he leaves to the city of London, charging them to bind yearly five children of his own kindred to some honest trade. They were to raise £4,000 out of Hylton rents, the interest whereof was to be employed in apprenticesing orphans born in the manors of Ford, Biddick, and Barmston. After 99 years, his estates and the first-mentioned £4,000 were to go to his heir-at-law, "provided he be not such a one as shall claim to be the issue of the testator's own body." There were legacies to his servants and to the family of Shelley of Michell Grove, in Sussex. He then appoints Lady Jane Shelley his executrix, and desires to be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, "under a fair tomb, like the tomb of Dr. Dunn," to erect which he leaves £1,000. For thirty years before his death he had been separated from his wife, and a scarce tract of the period states that the charitable bequests of his will were made in order "to merit pardon for thirty years' vicious life led with the Lady Shelley." It is needless to say that Hylton's paramour never raised the tomb for which his morbid vanity craved.

Thus encumbered, the estates of the Hyltons, during three generations, only enabled their owners to maintain the dignity of unostentatious country gentlemen. During this period the greatest prudence was manifested in the management of the various properties, with the result that in 1739 the estate and its possessors emerged from the difficulties under which they had struggled for a century. But the last Hylton, a bachelor, was then the owner, and he by will left the home of his ancestors and all other of his possessions, to his sister's son, Sir Richard Musgrave, on the condition of his taking the Hylton name. The last baron died in 1746, and was buried in the chapel at Hylton. In 1750 Sir Richard Musgrave obtained an Act of Parliament enabling him to sell the estates by auction. These estates covered 5,600 acres, and the annual rental was estimated at a little over £3,000. The Hyltons, it is said, owned almost all the land which could be seen from the battlements of their own castle.

It only now remains to describe the castle and the ruined chapel. The architectural features of the former indicate that its erection took place shortly before the middle of the fifteenth century. It is described in 1447 date as "the gatehouse," though there is evidence to show that the rest of the castle buildings stood north and south of a courtyard before its grand west front. Hylton castle is noted for its heraldry. Besides the royal arms of England as borne from the reign of Henry V. to that of Elizabeth,

we have on the west front the banner of the Hyltons beneath a ledge of canopied work, and the shields of the many noble families with which the Hyltons were allied. On the east front is a fine sculptured roebuck, at one time the Hylton badge. Beneath is the Hylton shield under a helmet, over which is the later Hylton crest, a head of Moses in profile, horned with triple rays. Of the origin or meaning of this extraordinary heraldic bearing I can offer no suggestion.

The west front is surmounted by four octagonal turrets with machicolations on every side. There is a round turret at each end of the east front. The central oblong tower of the east front rises a story higher than the rest of the building, and has a floor on the level of the leads,

barons of Hylton, their wives and their children, found rest. Their retainers were consigned to the graveyard outside. The chancel vault is now broken open, and the bones of the Hyltons have been scattered, no one caring whither. A thigh bone, said to have been that of the last baron, is preserved in the castle, (now the property and residence of Colonel Briggs), and the whereabouts of some other osseous reliques is known.

J. R. BOYLE.

### The Cauld Lad of Hylton.

Hylton Castle has long had the reputation of being haunted by a bar-guest or local spirit, of the same genus



which we may conveniently call the guard room. Each turret has independent access from the roof. The octagonal turrets are even provided for defence against an enemy who might have climbed to the battlements.

The portion of the chapel which remains is only the chancel of the original structure, and was probably built by Sir William Hylton, who died in 1457. Its two transepts are additions of Tudor date. Each is of two stories, though the dividing floors are gone. The upper stories were reached through doorways in the east wall, now closed with masonry. The western extremity now is the ancient chancel arch, walled up in the last baron's days, with a doorway altogether of his time beneath, and portions of what was probably the nave's western window clumsily utilized above. Within the walls of this now ruined and abandoned—though episcopally consecrated—edifice, the mortal part of many of the

as used formerly to haunt almost every old feudal residence in the kingdom. The goblin was seldom seen, but was heard nightly by the servants, who got so accustomed to him that they were not the least frightened. If the kitchen had been left in perfect order on their retiring to rest, they would hear him amusing himself by hurling the pewter about in all directions, and throwing everything into confusion. But if, on the contrary, the apartment had been left in disarray (a practice which the maids found it both prudent and convenient to adopt), the indefatigable goblin set about arranging everything with the greatest precision, so that what was "confusion worse confounded" the night before, was in "apple-pie order" on the following morning. But though the Cau'd Lad's pranks seem to have been at all times perfectly harmless, they at length became wearisome to the servants, who determined to banish him from

the castle by the usual means employed in such cases, that is, not by priestly exorcism, but by leaving, for his express use, some article of clothing, or some toothsome delicacy to tempt his palate. The Cau'd Lad somehow got an inkling of their intentions, and was frequently heard to recite, in the dead of the night, in fancied security, the following consolatory stanzas :—

Wae's me, wae's me,  
The acorn is not yet  
Fallen from the tree  
That's to grow the wood  
That's to make the cradle  
That's to rock the bairn  
That's to grow a man  
That's to *lay* me.

However, the goblin reckoned without his host; for the usual means of banishment were provided, viz., a green cloak and a hood, which were laid before the kitchen fire. At the dead hour of midnight the sprite glided gently in, stood by the smouldering embers, and surveyed the garments provided for him very attentively, then tried them on, and appeared delighted with their graceful cut, frisking about the room, and cutting sundry somersaults and gambadoes; until at length, on hearing the first crow of the cock, twitching his green mantle tightly round him, he disappeared with the appropriate valediction of

Here's a cloak and here's a hood,  
The Cau'd Lad o' Hilton will do no more good !

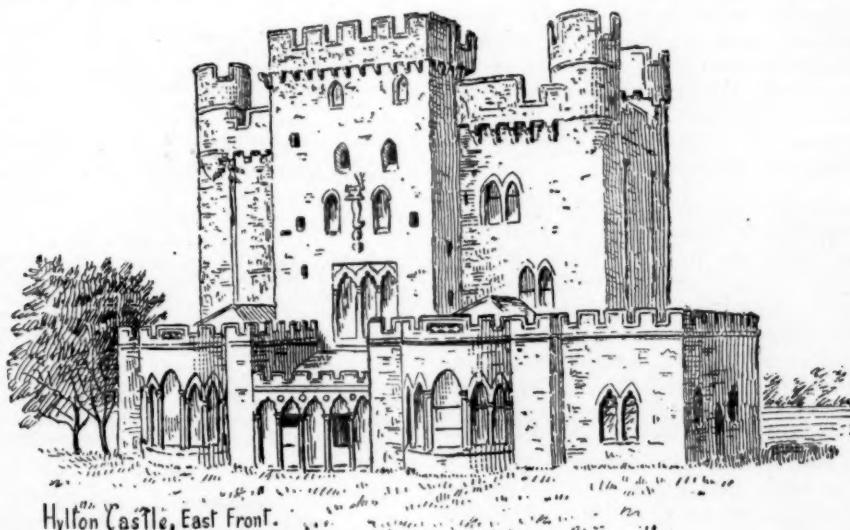
But long after this, although he never returned to disarrange the pewter or set the house in order, yet his voice was often heard at midnight singing a melancholy melody :—

Here's a cloak and here's a hood,  
The Cau'd Lad o' Hilton will do no more good !

The genuine brownie is supposed to be an unembodied spirit, that has never borne the human form; but the Cau'd Lad has, through the common process of myth-development, been identified with the apparition of an unfortunate domestic who was slain by one of the barons of Hylton in a moment of passion or intemperance. This baron, having ordered his horse to be ready on a particular occasion, and it not being brought out in time to soothe his ruffled impatience, proceeded to the stable, where he found the boy fast asleep and the horse unsaddled. Seizing a hay-fork, he struck the lad a blow which proved mortal. Horrified at what he had done, he covered the body with straw till night, and then threw it into a pond, where, many years afterwards, in the last baron's time, the skeleton of a boy was discovered, which was held to be a confirmation of the tale. This pond was afterwards drained, and a cottage was built on the site.

Perhaps this story, which was communicated to Robert Surtees, the compiler of the "History of Durham," by Mr. J. B. Taylor, may have had its origin in the fact recorded of a coroner's inquest having been held, on the 3rd July, 1609, on the body of Roger Skelton, who was killed with the point of a scythe, accidentally, by Robert Hylton, of Hylton, for which that gentleman obtained a free pardon on the 6th of September following.

The ballad of "The Cau'd Lad o' Hylton"—a quite modern production—tells how the murdered lad, Roger Skelton, used to pace o' nights round the castle hall, with his head literally in his hand, singing, "soft and low,"



notwithstanding the severance of the larynx from the lungs, the following prophetic words of dread :—

Hylton's line dishonoured falls ;  
Lay with the dust proud Hylton's walls.  
Murder blots the household sword ;  
Strip the lands from Hylton's lord, etc., etc.

If we are to believe Surtees's informant, however, the Cau'd Lad held full possession of the house several years after the death of the last Baron Hylton, and was not finally exorcised until the beginning of this century by the hospitality of the late Mr. Simon Temple, a wealthy coalowner, from whom Templetown, at the high end of South Shields, takes its name, who for some years occupied the castle, which, but for his interposition, would have been demolished, it having been condemned to be taken down for the sake of the materials.

If the ballad-writer speaks truth, the Cau'd Lad did not confine his pranks wholly to the castle. He tells us in a note that the goblin sometimes took a fancy to row people across the Wear at night, in the ferry boat stationed near. He would take them over half way, and then of a sudden disappear, leaving the passengers, though they might be women and children, to shift for themselves ; then, after some time, he would make his re-appearance, and after rowing them up and down the river a mile or two, would land them on the same side they started from, always making them, however, pay their fare, though what he could do with the money no man could tell. In pursuing this sort of mischievous amusement, the Cau'd Lad seems to have displayed rather the characteristics of the Scottish kelpie than the brownie, only that he does not seem ever to have gone the length of drowning the passengers he deceived, as the kelpie would at least have tried to do. Another freak of his was to sit astride a beer barrel in the cellar to guard the precious liquor. When John, the butler, went down to tap a cask, he often averred that he had found him there. But this latter circumstance is probably borrowed from similar tales told of the familiar spirits in various parts of Scotland and Ireland.

Another supernatural visitant is reported to have appeared in the castle shortly before the death of the last baron. When that dignitary was one night entertaining a large company, a greyhound, which nobody had previously seen, rushed into the dining-room, and, neglecting those present, fawned upon the baron, who saw round its neck a collar of gold, inscribed with magical characters, which he alone could read, and which were found to purport that his father, who had been dead twenty-five years, had sent the dog to him to announce his approaching death, and also the speedy downfall of the Hylton family, after a series of twenty descents, stretching through five centuries. The dog disappeared before morning as unaccountably as it came ; but the event soon proved the truth of the dismal warning.

## The Uncle Toby Picture.



THE picture of Uncle Toby and his Little Friends, which is given away with the February Part of the *Monthly Chronicle*, was originally prepared for gratuitous distribution with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Owing to the immense and totally unexpected demand for that paper on the date the work was issued, it was found impossible to meet the wants of the public. With the view of furnishing another opportunity of obtaining the picture, it was resolved to re-issue it with the *Monthly Chronicle*. The picture represents a group that appeared at two great children's demonstrations which took place in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, on July 26 and 29, 1886. An account of that demonstration, and of the Dicky Bird Society which Uncle Toby established in 1876, has been printed in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 443. As regards the artistic merits of the picture, the subjoined testimonies from eminent members of the Royal Academy may be accepted as conclusive.

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

Birnam Hall, Birnam, N.B., Dec. 24, 1887.

Sir J. Everett Millais presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and returns him many thanks for sending him the beautiful illustration of the Dicky Bird Society. The delicacy and colouring are quite exquisite.

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath, Dec. 29, 1887.

Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for sending me copies of the *Weekly Chronicle* and the coloured picture.

The Supplement gives much curious and valuable matter ; a vast quantity of most varied and amusing reading.

The picture is a most excellent specimen of the art of colour printing, in parts very admirable, especially where the colour is broken and varied in tint and tone, as in green back of chair, the bird, and other parts.

Indeed, on looking again carefully over the entire work, I see that the faces are expressive and varied, and very natural, the drawing careful and good all through.

The only shadow of a shade of fault I see is that it is throughout rather too *clean* for nature.—Yours truly,

JOHN GILBERT.

MR. W. P. FRITH, R.A.

Mr. W. P. Frith, the eminent artist, writing to the Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, says that the picture of Uncle Toby is "a very remarkable example of colour printing." "The picture," he adds, "is so well drawn and so full of individual character as to contrast, much to its advantage, with similar productions that have come under my notice. I sincerely congratulate you and your subscribers upon it." The same great authority writes in a second letter :—"I shall only be too glad to bear public witness to the excellence of your chromo-lithograph. It is certainly one of the very best things of the kind I ever saw."

PROFESSOR HODGSON, R.A.

Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, writing of the Uncle Toby Picture, says :—"The chromo is the best I have seen."

## Notes and Commentaries.

### A TALE OF THE PRESS GANG.

A correspondent of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* lately asked for "information relating to a seaman who met his death by the press gang in April, 1804." John Babington Stodart, the seaman in question, was my mother's brother. On his arrival from sea he came up to Newcastle to see his relatives one Sunday. The press gang was lying in wait for him. My uncle took to the water to swim to Gateshead. The press gang threatened to shoot anyone who should attempt to go to his assistance, and when he neared the opposite shore he was himself shot in the head by the press gang. I have heard my mother say that it was the last time the press gang durst appear in Newcastle, the populace being so incensed against them. I subjoin some lines which were written by an unknown person and put up at the end of the street, namely, the Wall Knoll, where the family, consisting of a widowed mother and her two daughters, resided:—

Oh ! how he fled,  
But death the lovely victim led,  
Hard followed by a murdering crew  
Of bloody ruffians not a few.  
Well might the echo "Murder!" cry aloud—  
When fast pursued by a murdering crowd,  
A crew that justice ought to hang,  
Bloody Moody and his gang.  
Ye weeping friends, dry up your tears ;  
The youth is freed from warlike fears,  
His soul is lifted up on high,  
Though in the dust his body lie.

I am in possession of several of the victim's letters, showing the incessant trouble and dread of the press gang, and sometimes relating an escape from them ; also various family letters relative to his melancholy death, showing how much he was respected.

ELIZA HUTCHINSON, Cliff Cottage, Jarrow.

### MONUMENT AT KIRKLEY HALL.

A monument at Kirkley Hall, Northumberland, erected by Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester, in commemoration of the landing of William of Orange, bears the following inscription:—

VINDICATE LIBERTATIS PUBLICÆ  
ANNO CENTESIMO  
SALUTIS MDCCCLXXXVIII  
NEWTON OGLE  
P

J. O., Newcastle.

### A REMARKABLE TREE.

A remarkable ash tree was cut down in the park of Bradley Hall, near Wylam, a short time ago. The bole end was 14 feet in length, 6 feet in diameter, and contained 242 cubic feet of timber. Altogether the tree measured nearly 600 cubic feet of timber, two of the limbs each containing 40 cubic feet. The tree had to be cut

down because it covered an area of nearly an acre, and was extending to a building in which valuable prize cattle were housed. It was feared that during the winter storms it might cause great damage by being blown down. Two men were employed a couple of days in felling this veteran of the park.

JOHN MCKAY, Newcastle.

### GEORGE CLAYTON ATKINSON.

A biographical sketch of this gentleman appeared in the present volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 38.



GEORGE CLAYTON ATKINSON

The portrait now presented to the reader is copied from a photograph kindly lent by Mr. Atkinson's son, Mr. Matthew Hutton Atkinson, of Windsor Terrace, Newcastle.

EDITOR.

### SPEED'S PLAN OF NEWCASTLE.

There are two errors in the article on Speed's Plan of Newcastle (*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 34), which it would be as well to correct. Anderson Place was the seat of Sir Walter Blackett before it came into the possession of Major Anderson. The Priory at the Wall Knoll does not appear ever to have been the property of the Trinity House.

A., Newcastle.

## North-Country Wit & Humour.

### "AAD NANNY."

A few years ago, in a village in the neighbourhood of Pensher, a funeral party were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of an old lady who had

been known by the name of "Aad Nanny." Among those present was a young man who (after all present had taken a last look at the well-remembered face) was engaged in screwing on the lid of the coffin. During this operation, he was observed by those present to be vainly endeavouring to suppress a fit of laughter. This excited the indignation of the mourners, who asked him the reason for such an unseemly proceeding at so solemn a time. He replied:—"Aa really cannot help't. Aa wes just thinking o' the time when aa wes a lad, an' used to plague Aad Nanny, an' she tell'd us then that when she deed she wad haant us, an' aa've just thowt that she cannot haant us noo because aa've screwed hor doon ower tight!"

#### A HOT RESIDENCE.

Some years ago there resided, at a short distance from Newcastle, an elderly colliery viewer, who was kind at heart, although gruff in manner. On one occasion he was much perplexed, owing to want of proper accommodation for his workpeople. A miner's wife made bold to approach him and ask what she was to do for a house. The characteristic reply was, "Go to blazes!" The poor woman at once walked away. A minute afterwards another miner's wife accosted him on the same matter. He at once replied, "See yon woman, away yonder" (pointing to the one he had previously dismissed); "get one next door to her." The poor woman, quite pleased, ran after the first applicant, and made the inquiry, "Whor are ye te put up? He says aa's te get a hoose next te ye." "Wey, woman!" replied the other, "he says aa've te gan te blazes!"

#### THE LESSON OF MARTYRDOM.

While Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" was being examined in a Sunderland household on a certain Sunday, a little boy overheard his father explaining to his elder brothers that the punishments shown in the ghastly pictures were inflicted because of the martyrs reading the Bible, which was then a prohibited book. At night little Johnny was heard saying to his sister, "Aa waddent larn te read the Bible for onnything. If aa de, aa'll be sure te get cut te pieces!"

#### A GOOD COOK.

A Tyneside maiden, on applying for the first time for a situation as maid-of-all-work, was asked by her prospective mistress if she could cook. With a look of astonishment she promptly replied: "Aa shud think se! Aa wonder whe kuiks ma fethor's reed har'n and tetties!"

#### MARRIED IN SECTIONS.

A would be happy couple, travelling from a colliery district, called at a register office with a view to wedlock. "Dis Mistor Registrar leve here, sor?" inquired the enamoured swain. Being answered in the affirmative, he continued, "Aa want te knaa whaat ye chairege for myeking two foal intiv one, sor?" The cost of a special licence was explained to him. "Had thy hand, mar-

row," he exclaimed; "thoo sees aa's come 'speshly te get wed, but aa find, on tyeking stock, that aa's half a croon short. Mebbies ye cud manish to marry us as far as the brass gans!"

#### BODY-SNATCHING.

Many years ago two body-snatchers were plying their vocation one dark winter morning. A baker was passing close to the churchyard with his basket on his shoulder, when suddenly a corpse was dropped from the top of the wall. With a yell of terror, he dropped his basket and ran at his utmost speed. The body-snatcher, thinking it was a veritable resuscitation of the corpse, said to his mate: "Hey, Bill, we'll hev te hev another; that yen's bolted!"

#### BAD MEAT.

"Are ye in want of a lad, sor?" said a young farm labourer to a farmer at a Newcastle hiring. "I am not," replied the latter, "but why are you leaving Farmer N.? I'm sure he is a good master?" "The maistor is all reet," said the lad, "it's the meat that's bad. Six months sin', we had an Aad coo deed, an we eat hor. Then the Aad soo deed, and we eat hor. Yesterday the maistor's mother deed, and aa runn'd away!"

#### AN AWFUL TWIST.

At a mining village within a hundred miles of Sunderland, there lived a pitman by name Geordy. One morning—being in the fore shift—he found that he had overslept himself, and that it would only be by the utmost expedition he would reach the mine in proper time. In his haste he managed to get his breeches on back to front, and in this trim proceeded "in by" to his cavig. He had not worked long, however, until by some over-exertion or accident he gave his side a severe wrench, so much so that he had to lie down. His "marrow" went to see what was the matter. "Hello! Geordy," said he, "whaat's the matter, man?" "Oh, man, aa've gi'en mysel a rare twist," he replied. His "marrow," seeing the position of his breeches, exclaimed: "Twist! Geordy, by gum, aa think thoo hes; wey, thoo's twisted reet roond!"

#### QUALIFICATIONS FOR A TOWN COUNCILLOR.

A certain candidate for the Council recently went into a house within the usual hundred miles of the Close, Newcastle. He found the free and independent elector in a very bad temper, nor could he move him by the most flattering words. At last the elector's son caught the eye of the office-seeker. Here was his opportunity to get at his man's feelings, so he remarked:—"A very fine boy, that of yours, Mr. Brown." Mr. Brown admitted the soft impeachment in a very gruff manner. "What might you be going to make of him?" ingratiatingly pursued our friend. Mr. Brown growled out that he was going to make him a councillor. "A councillor! Why?" "Wey," said Mr. Brown, with a grunt, "when he wes

three years aad, he cud guzzle like a shork ; when he wes five, he fit like a lion wiv onnything an' ivvorything ; an' noo he's sivin he lees maist aaful, and the way he corses an' sweors wad change the colour o' yor watch chain !"

## North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Bertram Paget Ord, of Gateshead, died very suddenly on the 14th of December, 1887. He was well known in local commercial circles. For upwards of twenty years, the deceased had been cashier and chief clerk in the office of the Washington Chemical Company. Mr. Ord, who was fifty years of age, was also a prominent Freemason.

At the age of fifty-four, on the same day, died Mr. Robert Carverhill, of the firm of Messrs. Chapman and Carverhill, Gloucester Foundry, Newcastle.

On the 14th of December, there also died, in his sixty-fourth year, Mr. John Lowry, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. John and William Lowry, builders and contractors, Corporation Street, Newcastle. The deceased had, in conjunction with his brother, carried on business in the town for forty years.

Mr. John Patterson, widely known as a workman, a trade unionist, and a Radical politician, died at Chopington Colliery, on the 14th of December, in the seventy-third year of his age.

On the 15th of December, Mr. William Lawther, an ardent Liberal in politics, and an active member of the Northumberland Colliery Enginemen's Association, died at Chopington Colliery.

On the 16th of December, the funeral took place in Jesmond Cemetery of Mr. William Robson Lund, who had carried on business for many years as a grocer in Mosley Street, Newcastle, but had latterly been living in retirement. The deceased, who was one of the oldest tradesmen of the old school, was aged seventy-one years.

The Rev. Thomas Natrass, a native Weardale, died very suddenly in the Wesleyan Chapel, Bowden, on the 18th of December.

On the same day died Mr. John A. Wiggins, landlord of the Express Inn, Newcastle, and well known for his genuine interest in the musical affairs of the neighbourhood.

Mr. George A. Middlemiss, a well-known architect and auctioneer, expired at his residence, Ashbrooke Tower, Sunderland, on the 20th of December, in his seventy-third year. The deceased gentleman, who was for several years a member of the Town Council, designed some of the principal buildings in Sunderland, among them being the Theatre Royal, in Bedford Street.

Mr. John Caldwell, retired shipowner, and at one time a well-known figure on the Quayside of Newcastle, died at Inverness, on the 21st of December, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

On the 23rd of December, the death was announced, at the age of between eighty and ninety years, of John Pybus, an eccentric character in Sunderland, better known as "Jack the Sweep." The deceased, according to a Sunderland correspondent of the *Weekly Chronicle*, was the son of Jane Jameson, who was hung on New-

castle Moor for the murder of her mother—a deed brutally accomplished, in a drunken fury, by means of a red-hot poker. Jack was the sole witness, and by his evidence his mother was condemned to death.

The death was announced, on the 24th of December, of the Rev. E. L. Pincott, M.A., vicar of Bolam, and formerly chaplain of Brinkburn Priory, the rev. gentleman being in the fiftieth year of his age.

On Christmas Day, Mr. William Smith, blacksmith, and the first maker of the street-sweeping machines and road-scrappers, which have since been improved upon and used in nearly all parts of the world, died at Barnard Castle, at the age of seventy-five years.

Mr. William Cairns Hardy, architect, Morpeth, died from rheumatic fever, on the 27th of December, at the early age of twenty-four years.

On the same day occurred the death of the Rev. Henry Oakley, for twenty-one years Congregational minister at Chester-le-Street.

On the 28th December, Mr. S. B. Coxon, mining engineer, formerly connected with this district, during his



residence at Usworth Hall, died at West Kensington, London. The deceased gentleman was an intimate friend of Sir George Elliot, M.P., to whose mining property in Nova Scotia he had paid several professional visits; and he was similarly consulted by Lord Aberdare with regard to that nobleman's collieries in South Wales. For a considerable time past, however, Mr. Coxon had retired from the more active pursuit of his profession.

Mr. David Kaye, builder, and a member of the Jarrow Town Council, since November, 1883, died in that town, on the 30th of December, aged forty-nine years.

Mr. George Scott Wallace, who had settled at Seaham Harbour as one of the early tradesmen, and commenced business as a cooper about forty years ago, died on the 2nd of January, 1888, in the sixty-second year of his age.

On the 2nd of January, the remains of Mr. Robert Potts, one of the oldest tradesmen in the Felling, where he had been in business as a clothier for many years prior to his retirement, were interred at Heworth. The deceased, who had held seats at different times on the Local Board, the Board of Guardians, and the School Board, was sixty-seven years of age.

Intelligence was received in Sunderland on the 3rd of January, that Mrs. Webb, formerly of that town, had died on the previous day at Harrogate. The deceased lady was a sister of Mr. Christopher Webster, of Pallion Hall, and was once well known in Sunderland as the wife of the famous Rector Gray.

On the 3rd of January, Mr. Christopher Boak, for many years chief in command of the local Coastguard, first in the city of Dublin, afterwards at Craster, and finally at Holy Island, died at Rothbury, of which village he was a native. The deceased gentleman, who was a cousin of Mr. Samuel Donkin, late of Bywell Felton, was eighty-six years of age.

Mr. C. Macnally, formerly well known as a schoolmaster, died suddenly in Durham, on the 3rd of January, at the age of sixty-six years.

On the same day, died, also at the age of sixty-six, Mr. Robinson Mitchell, of Cockermouth, who was the first to introduce cattle auction marts into the North of England.

At the age of fifty-five years, Mr. John William Brown, Provincial Grand Tyler of Freemasons for Durham, died at Sunderland on the 5th of January.

On the 6th of January, the body of Mr. Archibald M'Neill, a London journalist, and formerly on the staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was found on the shore at Boulogne. The deceased gentleman, who had gone over to France on professional business, had been missing since the 20th of December, 1887. Foul play was suspected.

Mr. Wilkinson Rowell, engineer to the Marquis of Londonderry's collieries, died at New Seabam, on the 7th of January, in the sixty-second year of his age.

On the same day died Mr. John Oldroyd, contractor, an alderman and justice of the peace for South Shields. The deceased gentleman was about seventy years of age.

## Record of Events.

### North-Country Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1887.

13.—Mr. Richard S. Wilson, grocer, was accidentally drowned while endeavouring to go on board a vessel in the North Dock, Monkwearmouth.

14.—After three days of intense suffering from symptoms consistent with the presence of hydrophobia, Mr. A. T. Rogers, B.A., tutor with Mr. J. H. Bramwell, of the Bow School, North Bailey, Durham, died at that address. Mr. Rogers, who was a native of the South of England, had, during his holiday in August last, rescued a little boy from an attack by a collie dog, and in doing so had been several times bitten in the hand.

15.—Mr. George Noble Clark, after a connection of forty years with the Newcastle Savings' Bank, retired from the treasurership of that institution; Mr. Henry

Cooke, barrister, and son of a former treasurer, being appointed his successor.

—It was announced, under this date, by advertisement, that the Home Secretary had granted a draft license to Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Company, Limited, of the Elswick Works, for a factory for making up quick-firing gun ammunition for her Majesty's Government.

16.—Lord Herschell, ex-Lord Chancellor, presided at the annual dinner of the Newcastle Liberal Club, and in the evening addressed a political meeting in the Town Hall.

17.—There being no cases for disposal at the Newcastle Police Court, the Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens) and other city magistrates were each presented with a pair of white gloves.

—A new lifeboat, the gift of the cyclists of Great Britain, was launched at Hartlepool.

—A new co-operative store, erected at a cost of £3,000, was opened at Consett.

20.—The new church of All Saints, erected at Eppleton, Hetton Downs, at a cost of about £3,000, was consecrated by the Bishop of Durham.

—It was intimated, by telegram from Sir J. W. Pease, M.P., that the man Joseph Turnbull, convicted of the murder, in March, 1873, of Martin Hagan, at Willington, but whose sentence of death was subsequently commuted to penal servitude for life, would be released on the usual license. The man was liberated accordingly from Portland prison, on the 22nd inst., and next day he arrived quietly at his old home at Willington.

21.—Several trees were planted at Houghton-le-Spring, in celebration of the jubilee of the Queen.

22.—About 1,200 school children were entertained to tea by Sir George Elliot, in celebration of the fifty years which had elapsed since he worked as a viewer at Wearmouth Colliery.

—Messrs. Howard and Wyndham's fifth annual pantomime, entitled "The Babes in the Wood," was produced at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle.

23.—A branch association of military gentlemen was formed in Newcastle, for finding employment for old soldiers.

—The jurors' awards in connection with the Royal Jubilee Exhibition at Newcastle were issued, there being 34 gold, 214 silver, and 208 bronze medals.

—A hulk named the Providence, outward bound from Newcastle Quayside, with petroleum for Middlesbrough, was leaving Shields harbour in tow of the Tyne tug, the Flying Scotchman, and was just off the pier end, when the oil was seen to be in flames. The crew, consisting of two men, saved themselves by their boat, and the hulk was shortly afterwards burnt to the water's edge.

—The sixteenth annual dinner of the North of England Commercial Travellers' Association was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C.

—A report was published as to the testing, at Sir W. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co.'s proof range at Silloth, of the largest gun ever mounted on a disappearing carriage. The gun and its carriage had been manufactured at Elswick for the Government of Victoria.

24.—A beautiful model of a carriage, the workmanship of Messrs. David Bell and R. Mills, an address, and a piece of plate were presented to Mr. John Philipson, J.P., of the firm of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson, coach-builders, Newcastle, in recognition of his services as

chairman of the division devoted to "Sundry Industries" at the late Exhibition.

—The half-yearly conference of the delegates of the Durham Miners' Political Association was held in the Miners' Hall, Durham, Mr. J. Hogg, Hetton, being re-elected president.

The first performance took place, in presence of a large audience, at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, of Mr. Augustus Harris's Christmas pantomime, entitled "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," written by Mr. William Younge.

—It was announced in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* that it had been decided to utilize a "blower" of gas which had for some time been flowing to waste at one of the gas collieries in the county of Durham, the intention being to convey the gas to the boilers and use it for firing purposes. In 1840, a company was formed to supply gas from the Wallsend Colliery for lighting local towns, and in November of that year an attempt was made to light "Carville Station on the Newcastle and North Shields Railway"; but owing to the impurity of the gas the experiment proved a failure.

25.—About a thousand street arabs were entertained to breakfast in the Town Hall, Newcastle, by the Sheriff (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) and Councillor Hepworth.

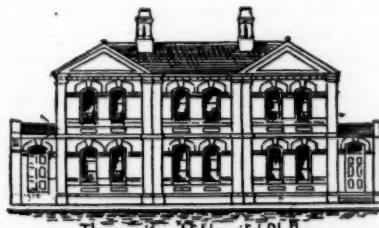
26.—A fine art and industrial exhibition was opened by Earl Percy in the Assembly Rooms, Alnwick, in aid of the building fund of the St. Andrew's Mission Hall and Institute. The exhibition, which closed on the 7th of January following, realised a profit of about £200.

27.—John Merrills, aged ten years, and James Gordon, a boy about the same age, were drowned while testing the bearing capacity for skating of an ice-covered brickpond at Jarrow.

—In the *Evening Chronicle*, it was announced that the award of Mr. Jacob Wilson, as umpire in the case of the Newcastle Post Office authorities and the property owners in Westgate Road, Newcastle, had been issued, the result being that, for the 1,324 square yards of ground required for the contemplated extension of the Post Office, there had been awarded a sum of £27,340.

28.—A scheme of commercial education in connection with the Grammar School was adopted by the Schools and Charities Committee of the Newcastle Corporation.

—The Thomas Knight Memorial Hospital, erected at a cost of £2,000, and possessing an endowment of £6,000



bequeathed by Mrs. Knight, widow of Mr. Thomas Knight, was opened at Blyth by Lady Ridley.

—Michael Warriner, 29 years of age, died in Newcastle Infirmary from the effect of injuries received by the explosion of a paraffin lamp at Byker, on the 19th of the same month.

28.—A singular explosion of gas took place in the open thoroughfare of Percy Street, Newcastle, the force being such as to blow up about two yards of the road, and to lift up the carriage-way to the extent of nearly ten yards. On the 2nd of January, 1888, another explosion near the same spot, and supposed to have been caused, as before, by the dropping of a lighted match into a leaking portion of the main, took place. The accident was not so serious as on the previous occasion, but the report greatly alarmed the show-proprietors and the many pleasure-seekers assembled at the hoppings.

29.—The first of the series of medals awarded to exhibitors at the Newcastle Exhibition was issued, as manufactured by Messrs. Reid and Sons, Grey Street. On the front of the medal was a very tasteful design of the Newcastle coat-of-arms, while on the reverse were cleverly depicted views of the High Level Bridge, the Castle, and other prominent surroundings.

—The first tree was planted in a new park for Spennymoor, by Mr. T. M. Reay, of Whitworth House.

—The top-stone of the tower of the new Town Hall, Middlesbrough, was laid by the Mayor of that town, Mr. T. Sanderson.

—The Tyne Improvement Commissioners, on the recommendation of their engineer, Mr. P. J. Messent, resolved to carry the North Pier at the mouth of the Tyne to a total length of 2,955 feet, and the South Pier to a final length of 5,153 feet, the width between the ends of the piers being 1,300 feet.

30.—A collision took place on the Jarrow and Pontop Railway, near Monkton, between some waggons and a horse and cart, with the result that the cart was smashed to pieces, and the horse killed, while half a dozen waggons were thrown off the line and dashed to atoms. The fireman, Nathaniel Holme, who was riding on the front part of the foremost waggon, sustained a compound fracture of both legs, one of which had to be amputated. Peter Collins, the owner of the horse and cart with which the trucks came into collision, was afterwards apprehended on a charge of stealing coals on the Pontop and Jarrow Railway. The fireman, Holme, died from the effects of his injuries, in the Memorial Hospital, Jarrow, on the 4th of January, and on the 6th, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Collins.

30.—Mrs. Robert Lamb was severely injured by the collapse of a portion of a railway embankment and the consequent fall of her horse, while she was hunting with Mr. Fred. Lamb's hounds at Washington Hall.

31.—A new lifeboat arrived at Seaham Harbour from the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

—A fire, causing damage to the extent of upwards of £200, broke out in the pumping engine-house of the Tees Hetton Coal Company at Evenwood, the building being completely destroyed.

—A skiff race over the Tyne championship course was rowed between Charles Carr, of Newcastle, and W. G. East, of Putney, the stakes being £50 a-side. The young Tyneside sculler took the lead almost from the outset, and ultimately passed the winning point at Scotswood Suspension Bridge by fully a dozen lengths.

#### JANUARY, 1888.

1.—In Newcastle and district, the New Year, which fell upon a Sunday, was ushered in amid the customary

demonstrations; but the usual watch-night service in St. Nicholas' Cathedral was, on this occasion, dispensed with. The Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens) entertained a large number of poor children to a free breakfast in the Bath Lane Hall.

—The Rev. Walter Walsh entered on the pastorate of the Rye Hill Baptist Church, Newcastle.

—St. George's Parochial Hall, Osborne Road, Newcastle, was opened by the Bishop of Newcastle.

—In connection with the jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., special services were held in all the Catholic churches of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

2.—The first cargo of petroleum oil in bulk which has been brought to the Tyne arrived at South Shields by the s.s. *Petrolia*.

—Thomas Spence, aged 22 years, son of Mr. R. Spence, greengrocer, was drowned by falling from the back of a horse which he had taken into the sea to wash at Seaham Harbour. On the same day, a man was drowned by falling into the river Wear from the Lambton Drops at Sunderland.

—A largely attended united temperance demonstration was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Newcastle Temperance Society, Central Hall Blue Ribbon Army, United Kingdom Alliance, and the Newcastle Temperance Federation, the chair being occupied by the Mayor of Newcastle, Mr. W. D. Stephens.

—The Rev. W. C. Fraser, of Selkirk, entered upon duty as new minister of the Caledonian Church, Argyle Street, Newcastle.

3.—A letter was received from Lord Camperdown, enclosing £25 as his subscription to the Crawford memorial. His lordship also announced his desire to present to the town of Sunderland the silver medal commemorative of the heroic deed at the battle of Camperdown, which was presented by his fellow-townsmen to Jack Crawford in March, 1798, but which since 1860 had been in possession of Lord Duncan's descendants among other memorials of the memorable action. The full story of Jack Crawford and of the gallant exploit which has rendered him famous was told in the first number of the *Monthly Chronicle* (March, 1887, page 8), and in that sketch the suggestion of a monument to his memory at Sunderland had its origin.

—A Local Government Board Inquiry was held at Gosforth in reference to a proposed Provisional Order to include in the South Gosforth Local Government District all that part of the township of South Gosforth which is at present included in the Rural Sanitary District of the Castle Ward Union.

—Mr. W. E. Knollys, one of the inspectors of the Local Government Board, opened an inquiry in the Guardians' Board Room, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, into certain matters connected with, and arising out of, the recently reported outbreak of scarlet fever in the Workhouse. The hearing of evidence was completed on the 5th, and the inquiry was formally closed on the 7th inst.

4.—At a meeting of the Hedworth, Monkton, and Jarrow School Board, Mr. J. R. Carr-Ellison announced, by letter, his intention to give in advance £10 for three years (£30) for establishing a scholarship to be called the "Carr-Ellison Scholarship."

6.—About 900 persons, chiefly young people, were shown over the Natural History Museum at Barra Bridge, Newcastle, Alderman Barkas, F.G.S., acting as guide to the party.

7.—The final official lists of the collections on behalf of the Newcastle Hospital Fund for 1887 were issued, the total sum realised being £3,516 15s. 7d.

8.—The steamer Shoreham, of Newcastle and London, was run into by another vessel off the Kentish Knock, and seven of the crew were drowned.

### General Occurrences.

#### DECEMBER, 1887.

13.—Moscow University closed in consequence of riots by the students.

15.—Sentence of three months' imprisonment passed on the director of the Paris Opera Comique, where a fire occurred causing the deaths of 300 persons. He was also ordered to pay compensation to the extent of £2,300.

16.—Panic on the Vienna Bourse in consequence of war rumours.

20.—The Rev. A. H. Mackonochie was found dead in Scotland.

—An immense raft of logs was being towed from Canada to New York, when it went to pieces in a gale. The dimensions were as follows:—Length, 560 feet; breadth, 65 feet; depth, 38 feet. Number of logs, 27,000.

—Advices received at Bombay from Afghanistan announced that the Boundary Commission had settled the new line of frontier between Russia and Afghanistan up the river Murghab.

27.—Mr. Gladstone was snowballed by a crowd at Dover, while on his way to the Continent.

29.—The Grand Theatre, High Street, Islington, London, was burnt to the ground. No lives were lost.

31.—A powder magazine exploded at Amoy, China. Fifty soldiers and one hundred civilians were blown to atoms.

#### JANUARY, 1888.

1.—A solemn public mass in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Leo was held at Rome.

4.—Severe gale on the Irish coast, causing numerous shipwrecks and much loss of life.

6.—Parliamentary election at Winchester, owing to the death of Colonel Tottenham. Result: Moss (C.), 1,364; Vanderbyl (L.), 849. At the last election the figures were as follows:—Tottenham (C.), 1,119; Groves (H.R.), 783.

7.—Reports of a terrible disaster in China in November were received about this time. The river Hwang Ho burst its banks about 300 miles from the coast, entirely deserting its former bed. It poured its floods upon a thickly populated plain, and forced an entirely new road to the sea. Fifteen hundred villages were submerged, and millions of lives were said to have been lost.

9.—Serious outbreak amongst the crofters of Lewis, Scotland. A raid was made upon a sheep farm for the purpose of clearing the entire stock off it. The raiders came into conflict with a military force stationed on the island, and several men on both sides were injured.